

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW

VOLUME V

JANUARY-APRIL, 1923

NUMBER 3-4

PUBLISHED BY

THE ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY

CHICAGO, ILL.

CONTENTS

THE CAHOKIA MISSION PROPERTY

Joseph J. Thompson 195

COLONEL DANIEL E. MCCARTHY, U. S. A.

[Rev.] *Frederic Siedenburg, S. J.* 218

THE LOG CHAPEL AT NOTRE DAME

Mary E. Sullivan 223

ILLINOIS' FIRST CITIZEN—PIERRE GIBAULT

Joseph J. Thompson 226

A DAUGHTER OF THE PLAINS

[Rev.] *A. Zurbonsen* 245

EDITORIAL COMMENT - - - - - 248

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY 251

MISCELLANY - - - - - 257

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Illinois Catholic Historical Review

VOLUME V

JANUARY, APRIL, 1923

NUMBER 3-4

THE CAHOKIA MISSION PROPERTY

Nestling in the midst of an extensive level stretch, flat, it might be called,—once it was a prairie,—are to be found a church and school, some little shops, stores rather, and a few dwellings, with the marks of time upon them, which collectively are known by the name of Cahokia. This hamlet now, whether at one time it was city, town or village, lies in the extreme west center of the state of Illinois, less than four miles south, slightly west of south, from East St. Louis, and is reached after a short ride on an electric interurban car. One must look sharp from the window of the car, however, lest he be whisked past the little settlement, without realizing that he had reached it.

If Cahokia presents but an insignificant appearance at present it may nevertheless claim numerous distinctions. In the first place it is perhaps entitled to lay claim to being the oldest continuous settlement in Illinois, and that means in all of Mid-America. It is true that the first place that white men settled down in Illinois was within the Kaskaskia Indian village, near what is now Starved Rock and Utica, in the present La Salle county. This settlement was begun soon after Father Marquette's visit in 1675. Within the next ten years more white men, including perhaps those that settled near the Kaskaskia village, might be found in and about what is now Peoria, but after some years these settlements were broken up, and though re-established, they did not remain continuous.

The settlement at Cahokia unquestionably dates as early as 1699,

and though the population has greatly fluctuated, there never since has been a time when the settlement was completely abandoned.¹

As this paper proceeds other distinctions due Cahokia will be pointed out.

In the last quarter of the seventeenth century Cahokia was the site of an Indian village, in which dwelt one of the tribes of the Illinois Indians, known by the name of Cahokia. Later another of the Illinois tribes, known as the Tamaroa joined the Cahokia, and continued to reside in the vicinity. Accordingly, in the early days the region was known both as Tamaroa and Cahokia.

As is well known Rev. James Marquette, S. J., made his memorable voyage of discovery with Jolliet in the summer of 1673, and passed the site of the Cahokia and Tamaroa perhaps in early July of that year. Alvord says in a note: "Possibly Fathers Marquette and Gravier had visited here." (*The Illinois Country*, p. 116.)

Father Marquette was succeeded by Rev. Claude Jean Allouez, S. J., he by Rev. Sebastien Rale, S. J., and he by Rev. James Gravier. We have found nothing to indicate that either Father Allouez or Father Rale was at any time in touch with the Tamaroa or Cahokia, but there is excellent reason for believing that Father Gravier, who was on the Illinois River from about 1693 to 1706, most of the time in the neighborhood of Peoria, was in touch with these two tribes.²

The first missionary who actually labored amongst them, however, was Rev. Pierre Francois Pinet, S. J. Father Pinet established the Mission of the Guardian Angel near the mouth of the Chicago River, which was then at what is now the end of Madison Street and Lake Michigan, Chicago, in 1696. This was a very flourishing mission, but for some reason its location or its work was displeasing to the French governor, Frontenac, who interfered with the missionaries so severely as to break up the mission in 1697. The Jesuits appealed to the Bishop of Quebec, however, who, in turn, appealed to Frontenac, and

¹ Citing Margry *de Couvertes et Estblissement* 4: 364, Alvord says that the 19 men who went with Tonti on his Southern trip in 1700 were married and lived at Cahokia. On this occasion the party reached Biloxi on February 16, 1700. He also says that the Fathers of the Foreign Missions, and also Father James Gravier, S. J., were with Tonti on this occasion. See the *Illinois Country*, p. 128. A memoir from New France contains an account of 47 *Coueurs de Bois* at Cahokia "living there at their ease. As grain thrives in that region they have built a mill and have a great many cattle." Alvord, *Illinois Country*, p. 138.

² See reference to Father Gravier's visit in Father Cosme's letter herewith reproduced.

the Mission of the Guardian Angel was re-established, but to be again broken up in 1699.³

At some time apparently during the existence of the Guardian Angel Mission Father Pinet proceeded to the region of the Cahokia and Tamaroa Indians, and established there as early as 1699 a Jesuit Mission which became the nucleus of the white settlement that from that time forward grew up amongst the Indians, and formed the settlement or town which became, and has ever since remained Cahokia.

In the absence of more specific data the question of priority between the Jesuits and the Fathers of the Foreign Missions in the Cahokia district is difficult, and the fact that the Fathers of the Foreign Missions, when they came through Chicago in 1699, found Father Pinet at the Angel Guardian Mission, and found that mission still flourishing, remembered in connection with the further fact that when these same fathers reached the Cahokia and Tamaroa region, they found a mission already established there by Father Pinet, presents a genuine riddle.

In view of this confusion one is inclined to believe that Father Pinet must have established the mission at Cahokia during the time that he was compelled to abandon the Mission of the Guardian Angel in Chicago. Some color is given to this thought by statements in the letter of authority of the Bishop of Quebec to the Seminary of Foreign Missions, to establish a mission amongst the Tamaroa, which is here reproduced. In the course of the letter the bishop states that, although he had formerly, on the first day of May, 1698, granted the power and privilege of establishing missions along the Mississippi, representations having been made to him "that it may so happen that other missionaries, not members of their institute, might perhaps pretend—under letters patent heretofore granted by us, to exclude them from the right of settling themselves and establishing missions among the Indian tribe called Tamarois," he reiterates and confirms the right which he granted by letter of May 1, 1698. One's surmise would be that the Fathers of the Foreign Missions had learned that Father Pinet had established, or was about to establish, a Jesuit mission amongst the Cahokia or Tamaroa, and appealed to the bishop for new or greater authority to claim that territory.

At any rate, it will be seen that the Jesuits, through Father Pinet, had established the mission before the arrival of the Fathers of the

³Letter of Father Gravier to Bishop Lavelle. Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. 65, p. 53.

Foreign Missions and that a dispute was waged as to the right of the jurisdiction, which was eventually settled by the bishop in favor of the Fathers of the Foreign Missions.⁴

PRELIMINARIES TO THE SEMINARY ESTABLISHMENT

Having indicated the preceding situation and circumstances, we may now pass to the establishment of the Cahokia or Tamaroa foundation.

As has already been intimated, the Bishop of Quebec, Rt. Rev. Jean Baptiste St. Valier, authorized the Seminary of Foreign Missions to establish missions along the Mississippi River by Letters patent of May 1, 1698, and, as before noted also, the Fathers applied for further credentials or a confirmation of the former authorization, which the bishop gave in form as follows:

AUTHORITY CONFERRED BY THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC

“Jean Baptiste by the Grace of God and of the Holy Apostolical See, Bishop of Quebec in New France, to all to whom these presents shall come sends Greeting and Benediction:

Although by our Letters Patent bearing date the first day of May of the present year sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, We have granted to the Superiors and Directors of the ‘Séminaire des Missions Etrangères de Quebec’ (Seminary of Foreign Missions at Quebec) ample power to settle themselves and establish missions, among the tribes that are living on both sides of the river Mississippi and all along the banks of the said River and its tributaries which are the inroads to those countries; however on the representations made to us that it may so happen that other Missionaries not members of their institute might perhaps pretend,—under Letters Patent heretofore granted by Us, to exclude them from the right of settling themselves and establishing missions among the Indian tribe called ‘Tamarois’—which is living on that tract of land situate between that part of the country inhabited by the nation of the ‘Illinois’ and that of the ‘Arkansas,’ which would be a cause of great annoyance to the missions of the said Superior and Directors of the said Seminary of Foreign Missions of Quebec, inasmuch as that part of the country inhabited by the Indian tribe hereinabove called Tamarois is to a certain extent the key and the necessary route enabling one to reach

⁴ The solution of the commencement of the Jesuit Mission at what became Cahokia may be that during the absence of Father Pinet’s Indian congregation from Chicago in the season when they left on their hunts, Father Pinet may have gone down to the Illinois River and worked among the Cahokia and Tamarois. Father St. Cosme in the letter herewith reproduced states this fact. Dr. Alvord gives a well reasoned account of the establishment of the mission at Cahokia and the dispute on its settlement. See the *Illinois Country*, pp. 115–119.

the tribes further in the interior, and facilitating the access to them, and that in consequence, it is of great importance for the said Seminary of Foreign Missions to be able to establish in those countries called 'Tamarois' some residences and to hold missions there, We, being determined to remove every obstacle that might prevent the execution of the praiseworthy undertaking that the said Superior and Directors of the said Seminary have at heart to preach the Gospel in and through all those countries hereinabove described, have given them and do hereby give them by these presents the permission to send Missionaries among the Tamarois Indians and to make there such settlements and residences and hold such missions as they may think proper.

Accordingly we hereby confirm all the powers, privileges and permissions by us granted unto the said Superior and Directors of the said Seminary of Foreign Missions of Quebec by Our said Letters Patent of the first day of May of the present year and generally everything contained in the said Letters Patent.

Given at Quebec this fourteenth day of July sixteen hundred and ninety eight under our hand and that of Our Secretary and sealed with our seal at Arms.'⁵

Thus was the authority of the spiritual power conferred upon the Seminary of Foreign Missions. In the regular course under the system of government it was necessary to have also the authorization of the temporal power, and for that purpose the following document was issued by the French governor:

LEAVE GRANTED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNOR

"Louis de Baude, Count de Frontenac, Governor and Lieutenant-General for the King in all Northern France.

The desire expressed to us by the Reverend de Montigny, Vicar General of His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec, to go and preach the Gospel in the name of the Quebec Seminary, those countries where the Missionaries have not yet made any settlements, although those who have travelled in those parts, have noticed that there existed such a disposition to obedience in the minds of the Indian tribes who inhabit those countries, that they have entertained great hopes of being capable of making considerable progress there, if they were only a little helped and assisted with instructions; and the entreaties which Their Lordships the Bishops who are in this country have added praying us not to oppose granting for Our part all the assistance that may facilitate the performance of such a pious design, we have thought that we could not better fulfil the duties of Our office

⁵ Authentic copies of this and many following letters and documents are found in the Archives of the diocese of Belleville, all of which have been transcribed and compared at the instance of Rev. Frederick Bueckman of Belleville, Illinois.

and correspond with the intentions of His Majesty who urged on by a zeal worthy of a Most Christian King, and of the elder son of the Church, who, in all his conquests looks more to the aggrandizement of the empire of Jesus Christ than to the extension of the limits of his own Kingdom, but co-operate with all Our might to the achievement of this holy enterprise; Therefore, their Lordships the Bishops having represented to us that the Reverend Gentlemen of the Quebec Seminary, offered their services to commence the enterprise, and that the Reverend de Montigny and Messrs Davion and de St. Cosme were desirous of devoting themselves to the same if we were willing to grant unto them the permission of going in those distant countries with the number of men that they have thought absolutely necessary to guide them among the Indian tribes that inhabit the shores of the River Mississippi, and to help and assist them in settling the establishment that they desire to make in the part of the Country they may think the most proper and the most convenient for the success of their enterprise, we have, subject to His Majesty's good pleasure, allowed the said Reverend Missionaries to start from Montreal when they may think proper to do so in four canoes manned by twelve men whose names they have given to us to proceed to Missilimakinack and from thence continue their route until they have reached the Mississippi; And we give permission to the said Reverend Missionaries to load in their canoes their stores and other articles they may require for their subsistence maintenance and settlement; And we are more so voluntarily disposed to help them, that we are persuaded that there is no human motive mixed with the intentions of the Reverend Missionaries, they having only in view the glory of God and the desire to propagate the Faith; We order to all those over whom our authority extends and request all others, to allow the said Reverend Missionaries to pass and repass safely and freely with their four loaded canoes and their crews without causing them any hindrance, but on the contrary to give them all the help, favor and assistance promising to render the same under similar circumstances.

In testimony whereof we have signed this present passport and have caused to be thereto affixed our seal at arms, and caused the same to be countersigned by one of our secretaries at Three Rivers this 17th July 1698.

(L. S.) (Signed) "FRONTENAC"
and under by His Lordship
(Signed) "DE MONSEIGNAT."⁶

Full authority being conferred the Fathers selected, namely, Rev. François Jolliet Montigny, Superior, Rev. François Buisson de St. Cosme and Rev. Anthony Davion, set out upon their journey from Quebec to the Illinois country.⁷

⁶ Diocesan Archives of Belleville.

⁷ See St. Cosme's letter following.

These learned priests planned, and skillfully executed their journey, and each wrote letters, which have been preserved, entering upon more or less detail with reference to their work, the most interesting and most detailed of which was that of Father St. Cosme, which is of such absorbing interest that we feel justified in reproducing it in full:

LETTER OF M. JEAN FR^S. BUISSON DE ST. COSME, PRIEST OF THE
SEMINARY OF QUEBEC

"In the Arkansas country, this
2nd January 1699.

"My Lord:

The last letter that I had the honor of writing to you was from Michilimakinac, whence we started on the fourteenth of September, journeying overland to meet our canoe, which had rounded the Pointe aux Iroquois and had gone to wait for us at the village of the Outaouacs, which village contains about three hundred men. God grant that they may respond to the care taken and the labors performed by the Reverend Jesuit Fathers for their instruction; but they seem less advanced in Christianity than the Illinois; who, we are told, have only recently had missionaries. We left that village on the 15th of September to the number of eight canoes; four for the River of the Miamis under the Sieur de Vincenne; our three canoes and that of Monsieur de Tonty, who, as I have already written you in my last, had resolved to accompany us to the Acanseas. I cannot sufficiently express, my lord, the obligations we owe him. He conducted us to the Acanseas; he procured us much pleasure during the voyage; he greatly facilitated our passage through many nations, securing us the friendship of some and intimidating others—I mean the nations who through jealousy or the desire to pillage us sought to oppose our passage. He not only did his duty as a brave man but he also performed those of a zealous missionary, entering into all our views, exhorting the savages everywhere to pray and to listen to the missionaries. He soothed the minds of our servants in their petty whims; he supported by his example the devotional exercises that the journey allowed us to perform and frequently approached the sacraments.

It would be useless for me, my lord, to give you a description of Lake Mietpgan, on which we embarked on leaving the fort of the Outaouacs. This route is fairly well known. We should have gone by the south side, which is much finer than the north, but as it is the route usually followed by the Iroquois, who, not long before, had made an attack on the soldiers and savages proceeding to the country of the Miamis, this compelled us to take the north side, which is not so agreeable nor so well stocked with game, though it is easier, I believe, in the autumn because one is sheltered from the northwest winds. On the 21st of the month we reached the traverse of the Bay of the Puants, which is distant forty leagues from Michilimakinac. We camped on an island called L'Isle du Detour because at that spot

the lake begins to trend to the south. We were windbound on that island for six days, during which our people occupied themselves in setting nets and caught great quantities of white fish which are excellent eating and a very plentiful manna that fails not along that lake, where there is a dearth of meat almost all the time.

On the 28th we crossed from island to island. The Bay of the Puants is about twenty or thirty leagues long. One passes on the right hand another small bay called that of the Noquest. The Bay of the Puants is inhabited by several savage tribes; the Noquest, the Folles Avoine, the Renards (Fox), the Poutouatamis and the Saki (Sauk). The Jesuit Fathers have a mission at the bottom of that bay. We should have liked very much to pass by the bottom of that bay and it would have greatly shortened our journey. A small river has to be ascended wherein there are only three leagues of rapids and which is about sixty leagues long; then by means of a short portage one reaches the River Ouiskonsin (Wisconsin), which is a very fine one, and by going down it one takes only two days to reach the Micissipi. In truth there is a distance of two hundred leagues from the spot where this river falls into the Micissipi to the place where the River of the Illinois discharges into the same Micissipi; the current, however is so strong that the distance is sooner passed. But the Renards, who live on that little river that one ascends on leaving the bay to reach Ouiskonsin, will not allow any persons to pass lest they might go to the Sioux, with whom they are at war, and consequently have already pillaged several Frenchmen who tried to go that way. This compelled us to take the route by way of Chikagou.

On the 29th of September we arrived at the village of the Pous (Pottawatomi), distant about twenty leagues from the crossing of the bay. There had formerly been a very large village here, but after the death of the chief a portion of the savages had gone to live in the bay and the remainder were preparing to go there when we passed. We stopped in that village. On the 30th we purchased some provisions which we needed. We started on the 31st and on the 4th of October we came upon another small village of Poux, on a small river, where Reverend Father Marais (Marest) had spent the winter with some Frenchmen and had planted a cross (apparently on the present site of Manitowoc). We stayed there for the remainder of the day. We left on the 5th and after being windbound for two days we started and after two days of heavy wind we reached Milouakik (Milwaukee) on the 9th. This is a river where there is a village which has been a large one, consisting of Mascoutins, of Renards, and also of some Poux. We stayed there two days, partly on account of the wind and partly to recruit our men a little, because there is an abundance of duck and teal in the river.

On the eleventh of October we started early in the morning from the fort of Milouakik, and at an early hour we reached Kipikaoui (the present site of Racine at the mouth of the Root River), about eight leagues farther. Here we separated from Monsieur de Vincenne's party, which continued on its route to the Miamis. Some savages had

led us to hope that we could ascend this river and after a portage of about two leagues might ascend by another river called Pesiouï (present Fox River of Illinois—a lake communicating with Fox River is called Lake Pistakee from this old name) which falls into the River of the Illinois about 25 or 30 leagues from Chikagou, and that we should thereby avoid all the portages that had to be made by the Chikagou route. We passed by this river (Root) which is about ten leagues in length to the portage and flows through agreeable prairies, but as there was no water in it we judged that there would not be any in the Peschoui either, and that instead of shortening our journey we should have been obliged to go over forty leagues of portage roads; this compelled us to take the route by way of Chikagou which is distant about twenty leagues.

We remained five days at Kipikaoui, leaving on the 17th and after being windbound on the 18th and 19th we camped on the 20th at a place five leagues from Chikagou. We should have arrived there early on the 21st, but the wind which suddenly arose on the lake compelled us to land half a league from Chikagou. We had considerable difficulty in landing and in saving our canoes; we all had to jump into the water. One must be very careful along the lakes, and especially Lake Mixcigan, whose shores are very low, to take to the land as soon as possible when the waves rise on the lake, for the rollers become so high in so short a time that one runs the risk of breaking his canoe and of losing all it contains. Many travellers have already been wrecked there. We, Monsieur de Montigny, Davion, and myself, went by land to the house of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers while our people remained behind. We found there Reverend Father Pinet and Reverend Father Binneteau, who had recently arrived from the Illinois country and was slightly ill.

I cannot describe to you, my lord, with what cordiality and manifestations of friendship these Reverend Fathers received and embraced us while we had the consolation of residing with them. Their house is built on the bank of a small river, with the lake on one side and a fine and vast prairie on the other. The village of the savages contains over a hundred and fifty cabins, and a league up the river is still another village almost as large. They are all Miamis. Reverend Father Pinet usually resides there except in winter, when the savages are all engaged in hunting, and then he goes to the Illinois. We saw no savages there; they had already started for their hunt. If one may judge of the future from the short time that Reverend Father Pinet has passed in this mission, we may believe that if God will bless the labors and the zeal of that holy missionary there will be a great number of good and fervent Christians. It is true that but slight results are obtained with reference to the older persons, who are hardened in profligacy, but all the children are baptized, and the jugglers even, who are the most opposed to Christianity, allow their children to be baptized. Several girls of a certain age and also many young boys have already been and are being instructed so that we may hope that when the old stock dies off, they will be a new and entirely Christian people.

On the 24th of October the wind blew and we sent for our canoes with all our effects, and finding that the water was extraordinarily low, we made a cache in the ground with some of them and took only what was absolutely necessary for our journey, intending to send for the remainder in the spring. We left Brother Alexandre in charge thereof, as he agreed to remain there with Father Pinet's man. We started from Chikagou on the 29th, and slept about two leagues from it on the little river that afterward loses itself in the prairies (south branch of Chicago River, the same point—"two leagues" from the mouth where Father Marquette staid in the winter of 1673-74). On the following day we began the portage, which is about three leagues in length when the waters are low, and is only one-fourth of a league in the spring, for then one can embark on a small lake that discharges into a branch of the river of the Illinois, and when the waters are low a portage has to be made to that branch. On that day we got over half our portage, and would have gone still further, when we perceived that a little boy given us by Monsieur de Muis (Nicolas Daneaux, Sieur de Mui), and who had set out alone although he was told to wait, was lost. We had not noticed it because all our people were busy. We were obliged to stop to look for him; everybody went and several gun-shots were fired, but he could not be found. It was a rather unfortunate accident; we were pressed for time, owing to the lateness of the season, and the waters being very low, we saw quite well, that as we were obliged to carry our baggage and our canoe, it would take a long time to reach the Illinois. This compelled us to separate. Messieurs de Montigny, de Tonty, and Davion continued the portage on the following day, while I with four other men went back to look for the little boy. While retracing my steps I met Father Pinet and Binneteau, who were on the way to the Illinois with two Frenchmen and a savage. We looked for the boy during the whole of that day also, without finding him. As it was the day before the feast of All Saints (October 31), I was compelled to go to Chikagou for the night with our people. After they had heard Mass and performed their devotions early in the morning, they spent the whole of that day also looking for the little boy without getting sight of him. It was very difficult to find him in the long grass, for this country consists of nothing but prairies with a few groves of trees. We were afraid to set fire to the long grass lest we might burn the boy. Monsieur de Montigny had told me to remain only one day, because the cold weather pressed us, and this compelled me to proceed, after giving orders to Brother Alexandre to seek him and to take some Frenchmen who were at Chikagou. (The boy found his way to the mission house thirteen days after he was lost, utterly exhausted and out of his senses. Shea. Letter of Thamer de la source in *Early Voyages*, p. 8.)

I started in the afternoon of the 2nd of November. I crossed the portage and passed the night at the river or branch of the River of the Illinois (Des Plaines). We descended the river as far as an island. During the night we were surprised to see a slight fall of snow, and on the following day the river was frozen over in several places. We

had therefore to break the ice and haul the canoe, because there was no open water. This compelled us to leave our canoe and go by land to seek Monsieur de Montigny, whom we met on the following day, the 5th of the month, at the Isle aux Cerfs. They had already gone over two leagues of portage. We still had four leagues to do, as far as Mont Joliet. This took us three days and we arrived on the 8th of the month.

From the Isle a la Cache to the said Mont Joliet, a distance of seven leagues, everything has to be portaged, as there is no water except in the spring. The banks of this river are very agreeable; they consist of prairies bounded by small hills and very fine thickets; there are numbers of deer in them and along the river are great quantities of game of all kinds, so that after crossing the portage one of our men, while taking a walk, procured enough to provide us with an abundant supper as well as breakfast on the following day. Mont Joliet is a very fine mound of earth in the prairie to the right, descending a little. It is about thirty feet high. The savages say that at the time of the great deluge one of their ancestors escaped, and that this small mountain is his canoe which he upset there. (All this is as nothing to the people of Joliet. Where was the mound? Is it leveled away? Were these the first white visitors to Joliet?)

On leaving Mont Joliet we proceeded about two leagues by water. We remained two whole days at our short portage, about a quarter of a league in length. As one of our men named Charbonneau had killed several turkeys and bustards in the morning, together with a deer, we were very glad to give our people a good meal and to let them rest for a day. On the tenth we made the short portage and found half a league of water, after which two men carried the canoe for about a league, the other walking behind, each carrying his load; and we then embarked for a league and a half. We slept at a short portage, five or six arpents in length. On the eleventh, after making the short portage, we came to the river Teatiki (Kankakee), which is the true river of the Illinois, that which we descended being only a distant branch. We put all our baggage in the canoe, which two men paddled, while Monsieur de Tonty and ourselves with the remainder of our men, proceeded by land, walking all the time through fine prairies. We came to the village of the Peangichias (Piankeshaws), Miamis who formerly dwelt at the falls of the Micipi, and who have for some years been settled at this place. There was no one in the village, for all had gone hunting. That day we slept near Massane (now known as Mazon Creek in Gundy County), a small river which falls into the River of the Illinois. On that day we began to see oxen (Buffalo), and on the morrow two of our men killed four; but as these animals are in poor condition at this season we contented ourselves with taking the tongues only. These oxen seem to me to be larger than ours; they have a hump on their backs; their legs are very short; the head is very large and so covered with long hair that it is said a bullet cannot penetrate it. We afterward saw some nearly every day during our journey as far as the Acanscas.

After experiencing considerable difficulty during three days in carrying and hauling our baggage in the canoe, owing to the river being rapid, low, and full of rocks, we arrived on the 15th of November at the place called the Old Fort (Starved Rock). This is a rock on the bank of the river, about a hundred feet high, whereon Monsieur de la Salle had caused a fort to be built, which has been abandoned, because the savages went to reside about twenty-five leagues further down. We slept a league above it, where we found two cabins of savages; we were consoled on finding a woman who was a thoroughly good Christian. The distance between Chicagou and the fort is considered to be about thirty leagues. There we commenced the navigation, that continues to be always good as far as the fort of Permetaoui (Peoria), where the savages now are and which we reached on the 19th of November. We found there Reverend Father Binetot (Bine-teau) and Reverend Father Marais (Marest) who, owing to their not being laden when they left Chigaou, had arrived six or seven days before us. We also saw Reverend Father Pinet there. All the Reverend Jesuit Fathers gave us the best possible reception. Their sole regret was to see us compelled to leave so soon on account of the frost. We took there a Frenchman who had lived three years with the Acansas and who knows a little of their language.

This mission of the Illinois (The Mission of the Immaculate Conception founded by Father Marquette on April 11, 1675, at Starved Rock, but removed in 1694 to Peoria) seems to me the finest that the Reverend Jesuit Fathers have up here, for without counting all the children who are baptized, a number of adults have abandoned all their superstitions and live as thoroughly good Christians; they frequently attend (approached) the sacraments and are married in Church. We had not the consolation of seeing all these good Christians often, for they were all scattered down the bank of the river for the purpose of hunting. We saw only some women savages married to Frenchmen, who edified us by their modesty and their assiduity in going to prayer several times a day in the chapel. We chanted High Mass in it (the first mention of High Mass in Illinois), with deacon and sub-deacon, on the feast of the Presentation of the most Blessed Virgin (November 21), and after commending our voyage to her and having placed ourselves under her protection we left the Illinois on the 22nd of November—we had to break the ice for two or three arpents to get out of Lake Pemsteoui (Peoria). We had four canoes; that of Monsieur de Tonty, our two, and another belonging to five young voyageurs who were glad to accompany us, partly on account of Monsieur de Tonty, who is universally beloved by all the voyageurs, and partly also to see the country. Reverend Fathers Binneteau and Pinet also came with us a part of the way, as they wished to go and spend the whole winter with their savages.

On the first day after our departure we came to the cabin of Rouenssas, the most notable of the Illinois chiefs and a very good Christian (sometimes called Rouenensa or Roinsac, was chief of the Kaskaskia tribe of Indians). He received us with the politeness not

of a savage but of a well-bred Frenchman. He led us to his cabin and made us sleep there. He presented us with three deer, one of which he gave to Monsieur (de Tonty), another to the Father, and the third to us. We learned from him that the (Kickapoo) Chaouanons (Shawnees), and Chikachas (Chickasaws), and the Kakinanpols had attacked the Kaoukias (Cahokias), an Illinois tribe about five or six leagues below the mouth of the river on the Illinois along the Micissipi, and that they had killed ten men and taken nearly one hundred slaves, both women and children. As this Rouensa is very quick-witted, we thought we should give him some presents, to induce him to facilitate our passage through the Illinois tribes, not so much for this first voyage as for the others, when we should not be so strong; for all these nations up here are very suspicious and easily become jealous when we go to other nations. We therefore presented him with a collar, to show him that we formed an alliance with him and with all his nation, and that as he was a Christian he should have no greater pleasure than in seeing the other nations participate in the happiness he enjoyed, and for that reason he was obliged to facilitate as much as he could the designs of the missionaries who were going to instruct them. We afterward gave them a small present of powder.

On the 28th, after saying our Masses, when Rouensas and his family received communion at Monsieur de Montigny's, we left and came to a small village of savages, on disembarking at which the chief, named L'Ours (The Bear), told us that it was not advisable that we should go into the Micissipi country. But Monsieur (de Tonty) won him over or intimidated him by his words, telling him that we were sent by the Master of Life and the great Master of Prayer to instruct the savages whither we were going and that he was hired by the Governor to accompany us, so that if he molested us he attacked the very person of our Governor. The chief made no answer to these words. We embarked and on the 24th we slept at another village of several cabins where we found one Tired (or Tivet), a chief who was formerly famous in his nation but who has since been abandoned by nearly all his people. He made several complaints to Monsieur de Tonty, who reproached him, saying that it was his evil conduct that earned him the hatred of his people; that he had long before told him to give up his jugglery—for he is a famous sorcerer—and to pray; but that he had not yet done so. He afterward went to the prayers, and the savage promised him that he would be instructed on the following day.

On the 25th of the month we parted from Father Pinet, who remains in this village to spend the winter, for there are a good many savages here who pray, and on the 26th we came to a village whose chief was away hunting with all the young men. Some old men came to meet us, weeping for the death of their people killed by the Chaouanons (Shawnees). We went to their cabins, and they told us that we ought not to pass by the Chaouchias (Cahokias) with the Chaouanons (Shawnees), to whom, they said, Monsieur de Tonty had given arms and who had attacked them. Monsieur de Tonty replied that

he had left the Illinois country more than three years before and could not have seen the Chaouanons to give them arms. But the savages persisted in saying several things without reason, and we saw very well that they were evil-minded, and that we should leave as soon as possible, before the arrival of the young men who were to return the following morning. Therefore we went out abruptly, and when Monsieur de Tonty told them he feared not the men, they said that they pitied our young men, who would all be killed. Monsieur de Tonty replied that they had seen him with the Iroquois and knew what he could do and how many men he could kill. It must be confessed that all these savages have a very high esteem for him. He had only to be in one's company to prevent any insult being offered. We embarked at once, and went to sleep at a place five or six leagues from that village.

On the following day we were detained for some hours, owing to quantities of ice drifting down the river, and on the 28th we landed at a village consisting of about twenty cabins, where we saw the woman chief. This woman enjoys great repute in her nation, owing to her wit and her great liberality and because, as she has many sons and sons-in-law who are good hunters, she often gives feasts, which is the way to acquire the esteem of the savages and of all their nation in a short time. We said Mass in this village in the cabin of a soldier named La Violette, who was married to a savage and whose child Monsieur de Montigny baptized. Monsieur de Tonty related to the woman chief what had been said to us in the last village. She disapproved of it all, and told him that the whole of her tribe were greatly rejoiced at seeing him once more, as well as us, but that they regretted that they could not be sure of seeing him again and of having him longer with them.

We left this village and travelled about eight leagues between the 29th of November and the 3rd of December. We were detained at the same place by the ice, which completely barred the river. During that time we had an abundance of provisions, for no one need fast on that river, so great is the quantity of game of all kinds; swans, bustards, or duck. The river is bordered by a belt of very fine timber, which is not very wide, so that one soon reaches beautiful prairies, containing numbers of deer. Charbonneau killed several while we were detained, and others killed some also. Navigation is not very easy on this river when the water is low. We were sometimes obliged to walk with a portion of our people, while the others propelled the canoes, not without trouble, for they were often obliged to get into the water, which was already very cold. While we were detained, Reverend Father Binnetost, whom we had left at the village of the woman chief, came to see us, and after spending a day with us he returned to the village for the feast of St. Xavier (December 3). On that day a heavy gale broke up a portion of the ice and we proceeded about a league. On the following day we obtained some wooden canoes, at a place where there were five cabins of savages, and after breaking with them about three or four arpents of ice that barred

the river, that was as much as four fingers thick and could bear a man's weight, we afterward had free navigation to the Micissipi, which we reached on the 5th of December after journeying about eighty leagues from the fort of Pemiteouit (Peoria).

The Micissipi is a fine, large river flowing from the north. It divides into several channels at the spot where the River of the Illinois falls into it, forming very beautiful islands. It winds several times, but seems always to keep its course to the south as far as the Acansças. It is bordered by very fine woods. The banks on both sides seem about thirty feet high, which does not prevent its overflowing them far into the woods in the spring, when the waters are high, with the exception of some hills or very high places that are sometimes met with. All along the river are numbers of oxen, bears, deer, and also a great many turkeys. We were always so well supplied with meat, while ascending the river as far as the Acansças, that we passed many herds of oxen (buffalo) without attempting to fire at them.

On the 6th of December we embarked on the Micissipi, and after proceeding about six leagues we came to the great River of the Mysouries, which flows from the west, and is so muddy that it dirties the waters of the Micissipi, which until they meet that river are very clear. It is reported that there are great numbers of savages on the upper part of that river. Three or four leagues lower down we saw, on the left bank, a rock on which some figures are painted and for which the savages are said to have a certain veneration. They are now nearly effaced (the same, later called the Piasa, seen by Father Marquette and Louis Joliet on their voyage down the Mississippi in 1673). We camped that day at the Kaouchias (Cahokias), who were still in grief in consequence of the attack made upon them by the Chikachas and the Chaouanons. On our arrival they all began to weep. They did not seem to us to be so evil-intentioned or so wicked as some Illinois savages had sought to make us believe. The poor people excited our pity more than our fears.

On the following day about noon we reached the Tamarois. These savages had received timely warning of our arrival through some of the Kaoukias who carried the news to them, and as a year before they had molested Monsieur de Tonty's men, they were afraid and all the children and women fled from the village. The chief came with some of his people to receive us on the water's edge and to invite us to their village, but we did not go, because we wished to prepare for the feast of the Conception. We camped on the other side of the river on the right bank. Monsieur de Tonty went to the village, and after re-assuring them to some extent, he brought the chief, who begged us to go and see him in his village. We promised to do so and on the following day, the feast of the Conception (December 8), after saying our Masses, we went with Monsieur de Tonty and seven of our men, well armed. They came to meet us and led us to the chief's cabin. All the women and children were there, and no sooner had we entered the cabin than the young men and women broke away a portion of it to see us. They had never seen black gowns, except for a few days

Reverend Father Gravier, who had made a journey to their country (this is the only evidence of Father Gravier's acquaintance with the Tamarois). They gave us food and we gave them a small present, as we had done to the Kaouchias. We told them that it was to show them that our hearts were without guile, and that we wished to effect an alliance with them, so that they might give a good reception to our people who would pass there and supply them with food. They received the gift with many thanks and after that we returned to our camp.

The Tamarois were camped on an island about (blank in MS.) lower than the village, probably in order to obtain wood more easily than in their village, which is on the edge of a prairie and some distance away, probably through fear of their enemies. We were unable to ascertain whether they were very numerous; there seemed to be a great many of them, although the majority of their people were away hunting. There would be enough for a rather fine mission, by bringing to it the Kaouchias, who live quite near, and the Mechigamias, who live a little lower down the Micissipi, and who are said to be pretty numerous. We did not see them because they had gone into the interior to hunt. The three villages speak the Illinois languages.

We left the Tamarois in the afternoon of the 8th of December. On the 10th we saw a hill at a distance of about three arpents from the Micissipi on the right side going down. After being detained for some time on the 11th by rain, we arrived early on the 12th at Cape St. Antoine (said to be just above the Grand Eddy in Penny County, Missouri. Cape Cing Homme Creek is a corruption of the name St. Cosme), where we spent the remainder of the day and the whole of the next, collecting gum which we needed. There are many pines between Cape St. Antoine and a river lower down, and this is the only place where I saw any between Chikagou, and the Acansgas. Cape St. Antoine is a rocky bluff on the left bank going down. Some arpents below it is another rock on the right bank, which projects into the river and towards an island or rather a rock about one hundred feet high, which makes the river turn very short and narrows the channel, causing a whirlpool in which it is said canoes are lost during the high waters. On one occasion fourteen Miamis perished there. This has caused the spot to be dreaded by the savages, who are in the habit of offering sacrifices to that rock when they pass there. We saw none of the figures that we were told we should find there. We ascended this island or rock with some difficulty by a hill and we planted a fine cross on it, chanting the hymn *Vexilla Regis*, while our people fired three discharges from their guns. God grant that the Cross, that has never yet been known in this place, may triumph here, and that our Lord may abundantly spread the merits of His Holy Passion, so that all these savages may know and serve him. (This is a historic spot and should be appropriately marked.) Canes begin to be seen at Cape St. Antoine. There is also a kind of a tree, as large as and similar to the linden, which exudes a sort of sweet-scented gum. Along the Micissipi also grow a number of fruit-trees unknown

in Canada, some of whose fruit we still found occasionally on the trees. I forgot to state that as soon as we were on the Micissipi we no longer perceived that it was the winter season, and the further we descended the river the greater we found the heat. The nights however are cool.

We left Cape St. Antoine on the 14th of December and on the 15th we slept a league above the Ouabache (Wabash, later called Ohio). This is a large and fine river on the left of the Micissipi, which flows from the north; it is said to be five hundred leagues in length and to take its source near the Sonontouans (Seneca Indians whose habitat was on the headwaters of the Allegheny River). By this river one goes to the country of the Chaouanons (Shawnees) who trade with the English. On the 16th we left Ouabache, and nothing particular happened to us nor did we observe anything remarkable until we reached the Akansgas, except that we killed a certain bird almost as large as a swan, with a beak about a foot long and a throat of extraordinary size. Some are said to have throats large enough to hold a bushel of corn. The one we killed was small and its throat could easily have contained half a bushel of corn. It is said that this bird places itself in a current and by opening its great beak it catches the fish which it stuffs into its throat. Our French called this bird Chietek (Pelican). On the 22nd we came to a small river on the left going down (the present Wolf River of Tennessee, at the mouth of which stands Memphis. The French explorers called it Rivière d Marest), which is said to be the road leading to the Chikachas, a numerous tribe. It is believed that the distance from this small river to their villages is not great.

On the 24th we camped early, in order that our people might prepare for the great festival of Christmas. We erected a small chapel and chanted High Mass at midnight, at which all our French performed their devotions. Christmas Day was spent in saying our Masses, all of which were attended by our people, and in the afternoon we chanted vespers. (First Christmas observance noted in this part of the world.) We were greatly surprised to see the earth tremble about one o'clock in the afternoon, and though the earthquake did not last long it was severe enough and was easily felt by everybody.

On the following day we started at a somewhat late hour, because we were obliged to wait for a little savage whom Monsieur de Tonty had brought with him, and who on the previous day had gone to the woods to look for fruit and had lost himself. We thought he might have been captured by some Chicaches or Acansgas warriors; this compelled us to watch and be on guard all night. But we were greatly rejoiced when we saw him return next day. We started and slept at the place where the Kappas (Quapaws), a tribe of the Acansgas formerly dwelt.

On St. John's day (December 27), after traveling about five leagues, we observed some wooden canoes and a savage at the water's edge. As we were near and feared that he would take to flight on seeing us, one of our men took the calumet and sang. He was heard in the village, which was close by. Some fled, while the others brought the calumet and came to receive us at the water's edge. On approaching us they rubbed us and then rubbed themselves, which is a mark of attention among savages. They took us on their shoulders and carried us into the cabin of a chief. A hill of heavy soil had to be ascended, and as he who carried me was sinking under the burden, I feared that he would let me fall, so I got down in spite of him and walked up the hill. But as soon as I reached the top I was compelled to get on his back to be carried to the cabin. The young men brought all our things into the same cabin. Some time afterward they came to sing the calumet for us, and in the evening of the following day they carried us to another cabin, where they made Monsieur de Tonty and the three of us sit on bear-skins; four chiefs each took a calumet that they had placed before us, and the others began to sing and beat drums made of earthenware jars over which a skin is stretched. Each holds in his hand a gourd containing seeds that make a noise, and as they sing in accord with the sound of the drum and the rattle of the gourds, the result is a music that is not the most agreeable. During this harmony a savage who stood behind us bleated. We were soon tired of this ceremony, which they perform for all strangers to whom they wish to show consideration, and it must be endured unless one wishes to be deemed evil-hearted or as harboring wicked designs. After remaining a certain time, we put some of our people in our place, and they had the pleasure of hearing the lullaby throughout the night. On the following day they made us a present of a little slave and of some skins, for which we paid with a present of knives and other things that they prize highly.

We were greatly consoled at seeing ourselves at the seat of our missions, but we were deeply afflicted at finding this nation of the Acanscas, formerly so numerous, entirely destroyed by war and by disease. Not a month had elapsed since they had rid themselves of smallpox, which had carried off most of them. In the village are now nothing but graves, in which they were buried two together, and we estimated that not a hundred men were left. All the children had died, and a great many women. We were invited at every moment to feasts. Their honesty is extraordinary. They transported all our effects to a cabin where they remained two days without anybody taking a thing, and even without a single article being lost. One of our people forgot his knife in a cabin and a savage at once took it to him. Polygamy is not common among them. We saw however in the village of the Kappas (Quapaws) one of those wretches who from their youth dress as girls and pander to the most shameful of all vices. But this infamous man was not of their nation; he belonged to the Illinois, among whom the practice is quite common. The savages have an abundance of corn, of beans, and of pumpkins. As to meat,

though they are in a country teeming with game, we found none in their villages, owing to the fact that they were weakened by disease and in continual dread of their enemies. They make houses like the Hurons, making use of great earthenware pots instead of kettles, and of very well made jars for holding water. I have not yet seen savages so well formed. They are quite naked except that when they go out they wear a buffalo robe. The women and girls are partly naked, as among the Illinois. They wear a deer-skin hung over one shoulder.

We remained two days and a half in this village, and after planting a Cross in it, which we told the savages was to be the sign of our union, we left on the 30th of November (December) for their other village, about nine leagues distant from this one. We were deeply grieved to have to part from Monsieur de Tonty, who was unable to come with us for various reasons. He would greatly have liked to accompany us to the other nations whither we were going, but his affairs compelled him to return as soon as possible to the Illinois country. He is the man who best knows these regions; he has twice gone down to the sea; he has been far inland to the most remote tribes, and is beloved and feared everywhere. If it be desired to have discoveries made in this country, I do not think the task could be confided to a more experienced man than he. I have no doubt, my lord, that your Grace will deem it a pleasure to acknowledge the obligations we owe him.

We slept at the mouth of the river of the Acansgas (the present Arkansas River), which is a fine one and distant two hundred and fifty or three hundred leagues from that of the Illinois. On the following day we reached the village at an early hour. Six savages came to meet us with the calumet, and led us to the village with the same ceremonies as those observed at the first one. We passed two days there. This village seemed to be more populous than the first; there were more children in it. We told them that we were going further down, to their neighbors and friends; that they would see us often; that they would do well to live together, and that they would thereby more easily resist their enemies. They agreed to everything and promised that they would try to bring with them the Osages, who had come from the River of the Missouris and were on the upper portion of this river. We started on the 2nd of January and camped at the mouth of the river, where the French who were returning would allow us but one day for writing. I thought I should have more time to do so, as I hoped to go up from the Acansgas to the Illinois, but, as we are going much further down, I am afraid the letters we shall write after this will not be received this year, for the persons by whom we wished to send them will have left before we can reach the Illinois. I therefore beg your Grace to excuse me if this one be somewhat badly expressed, as I am so greatly pressed for time that I cannot even write to one of our gentlemen, to whom I beg you to allow me to send greetings, and to commend myself to their holy prayers. I trust your

Grace will be pleased to grant me the same favor, and to remember before our Lord him who remains, with very profound respect,

My lord,

Your Grace's very humble and very obedient servant,

J. F. BUISSON ST. COSME,
Priest, unworthy Missionary.

I have not time to reread this letter."⁸

Father St. Cosme, it is seen, describes in more detail than any of the early narratives the passage of the portage and the conditions and surroundings of Mon Jolly (Mount Jolliet). They arrived on the 15th of November at the old fort (now Starved Rock), but found it abandoned, the Indians having gone to stay about twenty-five leagues lower down (at Peoria). The next stop was at Peoria Lake, where they again saw Father Pinet, who, though starting later from Chicago than they, had arrived several days earlier at Peoria, due to the fact that Father St. Cosme's party had the misfortune to lose a boy that accompanied the party in the tall grass and remained searching for him.

Here, besides Father Pinet, who was on a temporary visit only, they found Father Gabriel Marest, S. J., and Father Julien Bineteau; and Father St. Cosme says that:

"The Reverend Fathers gave us all possible welcome. Their only regret was to see us start out so soon on account of the frosts."

Here we have a proof of the success of the Illinois Missions which has been so frequently brought into question. Father St. Cosme says:

"This Illinois Mission seems to me the finest that the Jesuit Fathers have up here, for without counting all the children who were baptized, there are many grown persons who have abandoned all their superstitions and live as perfectly good Christians, frequenting the sacraments and are married in the Church."

THE FIRST HIGH MASS IN ILLINOIS

It was at this time, November 21, 1699, at Peoria, that another great event in the early history of the Church occurred.

"We sang High Mass there with deacon and sub-deacon on the day of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin."

⁸ This letter appears in Translation in Shea, *Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi*, p. 45 *et. seq.* Louise Phelps Kellogg, Ph. D., gives a translation of it in her *Early Narratives of the Northwest*, p. 432, *et. seq.*, with many valuable notes. The annotations bracketed in our rendering are on the authority of Shea, Kellogg and others.

So far as writings show that was the first High Mass ever celebrated on the soil of Illinois.

Father St. Cosme and his companions arrived at the village of the Tamarois, the seat of the future activities of the Fathers of the Seminary, on the 7th of December, 1699, and celebrated their Masses on the 8th, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and departed from there for the lower Mississippi on the same day.

HOLY FAMILY MISSION FOUNDED

At the conclusion of their southern voyage, Father St. Cosme returned and established himself at the village of the Tamarois which De la Source said was the largest village they had seen, with about three hundred cabins. "There are as many people at the Tamarois as at Quebec."⁹

Father Jean Francois Buisson de St. Cosme was, therefore, the first of the Fathers of the Foreign Missions to have charge of the Mission of the Tamarois, known since as the Holy Family, and located in what afterwards became and still remains Cahokia. Later he became a victim of the Indians, being killed while descending the Mississippi by a party of Sitimaches. St. Cosme did not remain long in the Tamarois Mission, but removed soon to the Natchez on the lower Mississippi.

Reverend John Bergier, another priest of the Seminary of Foreign Missions, succeeded St. Cosme at the Tamarois, and upon the departure of Father St. Cosme, Father Bergier became the Superior of the Secular Missionaries in the Mississippi Valley.

Through the great charity of Father Gabriel Marest, S. J., we have been able to learn more of Father Bergier than of any of the other priests of the Seminary. In one of his letters, Father Marest gives a very interesting account of Father Bergier's labors and of his death, and incidentally discloses some of the trials of the missionary. Father Marest says:

"About twenty-five leagues from here is the village of the Tamarouas. This is a mission which was at first intrusted to Father Pinet, whose zeal and whose labors were so greatly blessed by God that I

⁹ For LaSource's letter see Shea, *Early Voyages, op. cit.* p. 79 *et seq.* This particular reference on p. 84. Edward Joseph Fortier, with the assistance of Dr. C. W. Alvord, collected a number of letters bearing upon the establishment of the Cahokia mission, and concluded from his study that the mission was actually founded between March 28 and May 20, 1699. See his paper in ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, Vol. 5, p. 144, *et. seq.*

myself am witness that his Church could not contain the multitude of savages who came to it in crowds. This Father had as his successor Monsieur Bergier, a Priest from the Seminary of the Mission *Etrangères*. Having learned that he was dangerously sick, I immediately went to assist him. I remained eight entire days with this worthy ecclesiastic; the care that I took of him and the remedies which I gave him, seemed gradually to restore him, so that, believing himself better, and knowing, besides, how necessary my presence was to my own mission, on account of the departure of the savages, he urged me to return to it. Before leaving him, I administered to him, by way of precaution, the Holy Viaticum; he instructed me as to the condition of his mission, recommending it to me in case that God should take him away. I charged the Frenchman who took care of the patient to inform us at once if he were in danger; and I retraced the way to my Mission."

After leaving Father Bergier, Father Marest spent several days in visiting the sick and afflicted on his homeward route, preparing several sick persons for death, and administering to them the sacraments. Arriving at home again he says:

"As soon as I reached our village, I wished to see Monsieur Bergier; but the people opposed this, alleging as a cause that, no one having brought news of him,—as had been promised in case he were worse,—they could not doubt that his health was re-established. I yielded to this reasoning; but a few days afterward, I felt genuine regret for not having followed my first plan. A young slave came, about two o'clock in the afternoon, to apprise us of his death, and beg us to go to perform the funeral rites. I set out forthwith. I had already gone six leagues when night overtook me; a heavy rain which had fallen did not permit my taking a few hours' rest. Therefore I walked until daybreak, when, the weather having cleared a little, I lighted a fire to dry myself, and then continued my way. I arrived at the village toward evening, God having given me strength to make these fifteen leagues in a day and a night. The next day at dawn I said Mass for the deceased, and buried him.

The death of Monsieur Bergier was somewhat sudden, according to what was told me by the Frenchman who was with him; he felt it coming all at once, and said that it would be useless to send for me, since he would be dead before my arrival. He merely took in his hands the crucifix, which he kissed lovingly, and expired. He was a missionary of true merit and of a very austere life. At the beginning of his Mission he had to bear rude attacks from the Charlatans,—who, availing themselves of his slight knowledge of the Savage language, every day took away from him some Christians; but eventually, he learned how to make himself, in his turn, feared by those impostors. His death was for them a cause of triumph. They gathered around the cross that he had erected, and there they invoked their Manitou,—each one dancing, and attributing to himself the glory of having

killed the Missionary, after which they broke the cross into a thousand pieces. I learned this with grief some time after."¹⁰

Father Bergier's death occurred on November 9, 1707. He was succeeded in the Cahokia Mission by Dominic Mary Varlet, another of the Seminary fathers, who was beyond doubt a brilliant man, but who in his lifetime became a Jansenist. Great were the hopes that were built upon the Reverend Dominic Mary Varlet, who is said to have been a man of ability and energy and of high repute, and a priest of virtue and piety. On the 6th of October, 1717, Bishop St. Vallier, recognizing his learning, energy, probity and other virtues, appointed him Vicar-General for Fort la Mobile or Fort Louis and the places and missions near and along the river Mississippi, with jurisdiction over all priests, secular or regular, except priests of the Society of Jesus, who were subject to their own superior, and renewed letters granted to former Vicars-General in 1698. Father Varlet is said to have spent six years on the missions, and returning to Europe was in 1718 appointed Bishop of Ascalon and Coadjutor of Babylon. Soon after his appointment, news reached Rome that he was an active adherent to the doctrines of Jansenius, whereupon the Sovereign Pontiff recalled him; but he went to Utrecht in Holland, where he took part in establishing the schismatical Jansenist Church, consecrated four successive pretended archbishops, and died near that city in 1742, at the age of sixty-four, after having been excommunicated by several Popes.¹¹

JOSEPH J. THOMPSON.

Chicago.

¹⁰ Translation in Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. 66, p. 24.

¹¹ Shea, *The Catholic Church in Colonial Days*, pp. 555-557.

COLONEL DANIEL E. McCARTHY, U. S. A.

In Chicago on September the first, 1922, Colonel Daniel Edward McCarthy, retired, veteran of many wars and one of the best known and best liked officers in the Army, passed away to his eternal reward after five months of patient suffering, the after effects of a breakdown in France and a vigorous career. He was the first member of the A. E. F. to land in France and was known far and wide as the man who broke up the graft rings in the Philippines. Honesty, service and loyalty were his key words and he had no use for the man who did not return one hundred cents in value for every dollar that passed through his hands. For over twenty years "Little Mac," as he was sometimes known, was the nemesis of grafters in Army contract work. A strict disciplinarian he was beloved by those under him for he never failed to give credit to those who earned it and he set the example for all by efficient, industrious hard work and devotion to duty. Great things to be done and odds against him only seemed to spur on the more this fighting Irishman and he never gave up, even through the long last months of suffering. Possessed of a pleasing personality and real Irish wit he readily made lasting friends and his passing is deeply mourned by people in all walks of life. He was laid to rest at St. Joseph's Cemetery, Evansville, Indiana, following services at The Assumption Church. He is survived by a wife and two children, a daughter, Laura Gertrude, and a son, Daniel F.

Colonel Daniel E. McCarthy was born in Albany, New York, April 14th, 1859. Graduating from High School at the very early age of 13 years, he entered the employ of the Whitney Department store where he remained for four years. At this time he accidentally ran across a news item stating that the examinations for entrance to West Point would be held in two weeks and he was urged by his friends to try, but upon learning that his employer's son had also planned to take the examination, it is said that Colonel McCarthy decided not to take them; however, Mr. Whitney urged him to go ahead and if possible to get a higher average than his son.

During the two weeks intervening before the examinations, Colonel McCarthy studied at night time, and although it had been four years since he had last attended school and the class of candidates was very large, he easily passed with highest honors and was admitted to West Point in 1877. His service at West Point was notably marked by his high averages in all studies and strict observance of the rules and



COLONEL DANIEL E. McCARTHY, U. S. A.

Born April 14, 1859. Died September 1, 1922

regulations of the academy. He was graduated in the class of 1881 and promoted to be a Second Lieutenant of the 12th Infantry and served as an officer of this regiment until appointed in the Quartermaster Department as a Captain on October 14th, 1896.

Colonel McCarthy's first year of service after graduation was spent on the frontier at Fort Bowie, Arizona, and after duty at Plattsburg, N. Y., and Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, he was again on frontier duty when the Indians were troublesome, being stationed at Forts Sully, Yates and Bennett in the Dakotas from August, 1881, to October, 1891. He took part in the expedition against the Apaches, 1881-1882, and was in the Sioux Campaign in the Dakotas, 1890-1891, at which time he was in command of the Indian Scouts and also organized Troop L of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry which at that time was composed of Sioux Indians. He saw very strenuous service during these campaigns, as they were waged under most adverse conditions, the weather being extremely cold and the snow very deep. Food was scarce and because of the wildness of the country and the cunning of the Indians, the white soldiers were forced to undergo many hardships.

Colonel McCarthy was subsequently, among other services, at posts in North Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska and Illinois. Even in these early days of his service, Colonel McCarthy quickly drew attention to himself by his excellent handling of men and the splendid discipline and training of his command. His company was always the best drilled and best equipped and several times his commanding officers put him in command of companies lacking discipline and training and invariably in a short while, he had them on a footing equal to or better than the other companies in the regiment.

After services on the frontier, Colonel McCarthy was sent to Evansville, Indiana, as a recruiting officer, and it was here that he met and married Miss Laura Fendrich. Later he rejoined his regiment at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, and was made Regimental and Post Quartermaster. As usual, he conducted these offices in such an exemplary manner that Secretary of War Lamont, who was then touring the country, commented highly upon the efficiency of this officer, and through his own observation and at his own command, promoted Colonel McCarthy from First Lieutenant to Captain and permanently transferred him to the Quartermaster Corps. Secretary Lamont, during his term in office, personally promoted only two other officers; these were Generals Barry and Bell, and in each case he saw the unusual in the officer and promotion was a fitting reward for services well rendered.

After serving as Post Quartermaster at Ft. Sheridan, and at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Colonel McCarthy was sent to Chickamauga Park, Ga., as Depot Quartermaster. He was given the task of organizing a huge supply depot where troops were equipped for field service. This necessitated a great amount of work and for several months Colonel McCarthy was at his desk from 16 to 20 hours a day, including Sundays. He even kept at his work after he was taken ill with typhoid fever and the doctors had ordered him to bed. The system he worked out, however, was so efficient that the large number of troops passing through this depot were supplied with every equipment necessary for the field and no hitch at all developed to cause delays. Colonel McCarthy was highly commended for this notable work, not only by his superior officers and officials in the War Department, but he also received numerous letters from Senators, business men and from National Guard or Volunteer Regiments that had passed through the depot, and he was promoted to Major and Quartermaster of Volunteers December 3rd, 1900, and served as Assistant Chief Quartermaster at Havana.

Later, Colonel McCarthy was Constructing Quartermaster at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, where, at the command of the Secretary of War, he built the largest and finest fort in this country. About this time he wrote the "Manual for Quartermasters Serving In the Field," which has long been used as a text book and guide not only for quartermasters in this country, but it has been used in the Quartermaster Schools of foreign nations. Speaking of this book, the Army and Navy Journal of that time says it is the most complete book ever written for Quartermasters and answers every question that might arise, giving complete tables for outfitting and caring for any body of soldiers from a squad to a Field Army.

From Ft. Leavenworth, Colonel McCarthy was sent to Manila as Chief Quartermaster of the Department of Luzon, 1905-1907. In the Philippines, Colonel McCarthy is particularly commended for the huge amounts of money he saved the Government. It was estimated at that time to be in the neighborhood of two and a half million a year. He was instructed by his commanding officer to investigate conditions in the Quartermaster Department in the Philippines and his thorough investigation disclosed padded payrolls, graft of various kinds, including misuse of funds and supplies, and a lack of development of Island facilities. Because of the seriousness of many of the charges, this investigation was not acted upon until General Wood took command of the Island and at that time the recommendations of

Colonel McCarthy were taken up and followed out. This included the establishment of coal mines in the Islands which reduced the price of coal by two-thirds and enabled the American Navy to have a coaling station on the Islands and America was no longer dependent upon England and Japan for coal supplies in the Orient. Huge dry docks were established for the care of the Island fleets. All this work, heretofore had been done at extremely high prices by English concerns and in case of trouble, America would have been entirely dependent upon foreign help. Grafting in the purchasing of equipment was disclosed, and upon recommendation of Colonel McCarthy, work that had been done by outsiders, or foreign nations, was now done entirely in the Philippine Islands.

After service in the Philippines, this officer was next made Chief Quartermaster of the Department of Missouri. He received his promotion to Lieutenant Colonel in 1910 and in 1911, during Mexican Border trouble, he was Quartermaster of the Provisional Division at San Antonio, Texas. Going from there to Chicago, he served as Chief Quartermaster from 1911 to 1912. For a few months at this time he was called to Washington to do some special work in the Quartermaster Chief's Office and later returned to Chicago as Chief Quartermaster until a second outbreak of border trouble, when he was made Division Quartermaster at Texas City, Texas, 1913-1914. He was promoted to Colonel in 1913 and served again as Chief Quartermaster at Chicago until 1917. At the end of '16, however, he was ordered to Washington for duty at the War Office which also included special work and studies.

Upon the declaration of War, Colonel McCarthy was selected by General Pershing to be the Chief Quartermaster of the American Expeditionary Forces, and he sailed with the Commanding General and his staff on the S. S. Baltic, May 28th, 1917. Landing in England, the party was received in audience by King George, Buckingham Palace. Colonel McCarthy was selected as president of the Board of Officers to precede General Pershing to France and select the Ports of Debarkation for the American Armies that were to follow. Being in command of this party, Colonel McCarthy went down the gang-plank first and thus has the distinction of being the first man of the American Expeditionary Forces to set foot on French soil, this on June 10th, 1917, at Boulogne.

The early duties of the Quartermaster Department in France were very strenuous as the plans for equipping and training American troops in France were worked out at this time. The thoroughness

with which every detail was planned or carried out was a matter of much comment by prominent foreign officers.

For five months, Colonel McCarthy, as General Pershing's chief quartermaster, selected the points of debarkation, built camps, provided for rest areas, pushed forward all railroad construction and took over the responsibility of feeding, clothing and transporting the American soldiers. A slave for work, this energetic officer was out in all kinds of weather in France and in October, 1917, contracted neuritis. Aggravated by the climatic conditions, he became worse and, much against his will, army surgeons ordered him to the States. He returned to America and was invalided to a base hospital at Chicago. From Chicago he was sent to the southwest department. Serving as Department Quartermaster and Depot Quartermaster at Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., he established a huge reclamation depot, saving the Government many thousands of dollars. Later he was Quartermaster of the 4th Corps Area at Ft. McPherson, Ga.

In 1914 the Secretary of War selected Colonel McCarthy out of all the officers in the American Army to attend the British Service School at Aldershot, England, with the idea that later on a similar school might be established in this country. He was to have sailed on September 14th, but owing to war being declared, England closed this school and the appointment was cancelled.

Colonel McCarthy is an honor graduate of the Infantry and Cavalry Schools, the Field Officer School at Ft. Leavenworth and the Army War College at Washington.

He was retired from active service on June 30th, 1921, upon his own application, after 44 years' service, which included the Indian Wars, Spanish-American Wars, Philippine Service and World War Overseas.

Though every inch a soldier, Colonel McCarthy was even more a home man and whenever duty did not interfere, he could always be found with his wife and two children. The world who knew the precise and official soldier and did not see the devoted and enthusiastic father and husband, only knew half of the man. It was at the fire-side that the real Colonel McCarthy showed itself, simple, kindly and democratic. With his children he was more like a pal than a father and his devotion to his wife took the form of a prolonged honeymoon. Whenever it was possible he had his family near him whether in camp, at home, the Philippines—and even in France.

(REV.) FREDERIC SIEDENBURG, S. J.

Chicago.

THE LOG CHAPEL AT NOTRE DAME

INDIANA'S CRADLE OF RELIGION

Splendid buildings and picturesque retreats abound at Notre Dame; but, to me, none is so alluring as the little vine-covered log chapel beside the Mission House. It is flanked on one side by rough boulders and sturdy pine trees which thrive on the grassy slopes of St. Mary's Lake. Every evening after Benediction we leave the stately steepled church of the Sacred Heart with its impressive beauty of architecture and painting, its magnificent altars, its costly organ, wonderful frescoes, and imposing statues, to stroll toward this humble log chapel.

Urns of fragrant flowers adorn the pathway to the door. Masses of honeysuckle blossoms flame upon its outer walls like vigil-lights before a shrine, and a simple rustic cross, symbol of Christ's sacrifice and man's redemption, surmounts the gable. The setting sun in the background, radiating a splendor of gorgeous color and giving promise of a brighter day to come, illumines and beautifies the simple structure, throws it out, as it were, on Nature's canvas for our greater admiration.

With hushed voices and quiet footsteps we approach the door and read the framed inscription thereon:

"INDIANA'S CRADLE OF RELIGION

In 1686 the Rev. Claude Allouez, S. J., erected a chapel on the border of this, St. Mary's Lake. This chapel, the first sanctuary in all Indiana, was abandoned and the mission of which it was a part deserted in 1759. In 1830 it was reorganized by Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States, who built a log chapel, of which the present structure is a replica. Fr. Badin was succeeded in 1832 by Rev. Louis De Seille, who had charge of the mission until his death in 1837. His successor was the Rev. Benjamin Petit, whose labors extended up till 1838. From that time there was no resident missionary until the arrival of Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., three years later.

Fr. Badin's chapel fell into disuse in 1848, and was destroyed by fire in 1856. The present chapel was completed in 1906."

Entering the chapel we are filled with peace of soul and sublime reverence. The quaintness and simplicity of the altars, the miniature

Stations of the Cross, the pictures, and the furnishings of colonial design impress one immediately. They are brought to view by the light flickering through four small square-paned windows curtained without by heavy vines. The ceiling is made of matched boards. There are no pews, only a few kneeling benches covered with tapestry.

All this crudeness and simplicity, however, bring reverent thoughts of the majesty and condescension of Him who dwells there, calling to mind the "Little King" in the manger of the stable at Bethlehem.

On either side of the doorway stands an old rudely constructed altar ornamented with antique vases and candlesticks. Above one is a picture of the Sorrowful Mother, and above the other, a picture of St. Monica and St. Augustine. The mother clasps the hand of her repentant son; the eyes of both are turned Heavenward. The "high" altar is opposite the door. Above its tiny Tabernacle is a miniature statue of our Savior—the Sacred Heart—with outstretched wounded hands. It stands behind and looms above the crucifix. Still higher and in front of the statue is a small electric light,—all symbolic it seems to me.

Near the door opposite the "high" altar are the treasured chair and kneeling bench of Father Badin. On the left wall, with a bas-relief of Father Badin above and a palm of victory below, is a tablet bearing the following inscription:

In grateful memory of
The Very Rev. Stephen T. Badin
Born 1768 — Died 1853.

Buried beneath this chapel, born at Orleans, France, 1768, died at Cincinnati. First priest ordained in the United States by Bishop Carroll at Baltimore 1793. Missionary for sixty years in the Mississippi Valley, builder on this site in 1831 of a church of which this structure is a reproduction. His remains transferred from the Cathedral of Cincinnati now repose beneath the shadow of the University of Notre Dame, for which he donated the site and of which he was a loyal friend and constant benefactor.

"Praise we now the men of renown, our fathers in their generation."

A large inscribed slab in the floor of the chapel marks Father Badin's grave.

On the right wall hangs a painting representing the approach of the death of Rev. Father De Seille, to whose care the Notre Dame mission was entrusted from 1832 to 1837. The picture was executed by John Worden, Professor at Notre Dame, from an unfinished sketch

by the talented young artist, Paul Wood. While looking at the picture you are impressed by the expressions of edification, reverence, awe, and exaltation on the faces of the kneeling Indians.

Father De Seille, realizing that he was about to die, sent a messenger to a distant mission for a priest to come to him to administer the Last Sacraments. Before it was possible for the other missionary to arrive, Father De Seille felt himself sinking rapidly. With the aid of one of his little band he managed to leave his room, which opened into the chapel, and to totter feebly to the altar. There, surrounded by his faithful Indians with whom he had labored so zealously, he partook of Holy Communion and died a half hour later. One can imagine the emotions of the red men of the forest, witnessing the dying priest's self-administration of the Holy Viaticum.

The traditions and holy ideals inspired by these early missionaries have come down through the years into the hearts of the priests at Notre Dame. Early this morning a Father of the Holy Cross offered Mass for the last time on the altar of the little chapel, for he leaves today on a long journey to Bengal, where he will devote his life to missionary work.

Frequently in the free moments of these busy days in this atmosphere of revered tradition and saintly memory we kneel in "blissful solitude" laying before the Master "the gold of our affections, and the frankincense of prayer, and the myrrh of griefs and sorrows." Then the peace of Heaven steals into our souls, for the steady flame of the brightly burning sanctuary lamp, like a beacon light of hope, proclaims this crude but hallowed cabin to be, indeed, a HOUSE OF GOD.

MARY E. SULLIVAN.

Chicago.

ILLINOIS' FIRST CITIZEN—PIERRE GIBAULT

(Continued from October, 1922)

VIII. YEARS OF SUSPENSE

The years following the Clark conquest and the close of the Revolutionary War were especially difficult for Father Gibault. Trying as they were to the French residents of the Illinois settlements they were unbearable to the priest. The people were utterly ruined. Many of the most substantial residents left the east side of the Mississippi for a more tolerable residence on the west side, which still belonged to the Spanish, later transferred to the French. The few that remained were in general unmanageable and in their ill-nature and impoverished condition had no use for a priest and would not only not support him, but would not pay him ordinary respect. In one of his letters Father Gibault tells the bishop of the condition that had developed in the country:

In Canada all is civilized, here all is barbarous. You are in the midst of justice, here injustice dominates. There is no distinction from the greatest to the least except that of force; of the tongue, pernicious, caluminating, and slanderous; crying out very loud and giving forth all sorts of insults and oaths. Everybody is in poverty, which engenders theft and rapine. Wantonness and drunkenness pass here as elegance and amusements quite in style. Breaking of limbs, murder by means of a dagger, sabre or sword (for he who wills carries one) are common, and pistols and guns are but toys in these regions. And who has one to fear but the strongest, unless one will be the greater traitor. No commandant, no troops, no prison, no hangman, always as in small places, a crowd of relatives or allies who sustain each other; in a word absolute impunity for these and ill luck for the stranger. I could name a great many persons assassinated in all the villages of this region—French, English and Spanish without any consequence whatsoever; but I shall satisfy myself in naming two recently murdered: M. Guyon the younger, who studied at Montreal killed his father-in-law with a gun at Kaskaskia; and yesterday evening one named Bellerose killed another man here with a knife. In a month I fear that I may be able to count ten of these murders. In spiritual matters everything is the same or even worse. The most solemn feasts and Sundays are days given up to dances and drunkenness and consequently to quarrels and battles. With dissension in the homes, fathers and mothers in discord with their children, girls

suborned and ravished in the woods, a thousand other disorders which you are able to infer from these."¹

No investigator has been able to assign a direct reason for Father Gibault's removal to Vincennes in 1785, nor has any one given a particular reason why he made his headquarters most of the time, after the Virginia troops came to Illinois, in Ste. Genevieve, Mo. There was reason enough, however, in the attitude of the Kaskaskians at that time, and it is perhaps true that he was literally starved out of that region.

At any rate we find him in Vincennes in the latter part of the year 1785, and it was at this time that the transition in the ecclesiastical jurisdiction from Quebec to Baltimore occurred.

"Until 1785 the ecclesiastical situation in the West remained unchanged; nominally the territory was within the diocese of Quebec, and Father Gibault, although he had lost the confidence of his superiors, looked to the Canadian bishop for guidance. Events had occurred in Europe and the East, however, that were to alter the whole destiny of these pioneer communities. The Treaty of Paris had been signed, and the West had become the territory of a new state. This meant a readjustment of the Catholic Church in America to accommodate itself to the new conditions. On June 9, 1784, there was issued at Rome by the prefect of the Sacred Congregation *de Propaganda Fide* a decree organizing the Catholic Church in the United States as a distinct body and appointing the Reverend John Carroll Prefect Apostolic. Through an oversight no action was taken to change the former limits of the diocese of Quebec, so that the ecclesiastical relations of the West were not legally altered, in spite of the manifest intention of the authorities at Rome to extend the jurisdiction of the new Prefect Apostolic to the limits of the United States. Thus was laid the foundations of a conflict of jurisdictions which might have been of serious consequences, had not both the officials involved proved themselves judicious, patient and considerate. As soon as the priests, sent from Quebec and Baltimore, reported that the same territory was being served by both dioceses, there was an exchange of courteous letters between the bishop and the Prefect Apostolic. The whole subject was referred to Rome; and the necessary correction, in accordance with the purpose of the act creating

¹ A revolting picture, but seemingly the usual results of slow reconstruction after war. This and all the letters not otherwise marked was found in the Cathedral Archives of Quebec, and has been published by Abbe Lindsay.

the ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the United States, was made without difficulty.²

Before this adjustment was accomplished, there had been sent, both from Canada and the United States, priests to take charge of the spiritual wants of the Northwest. In the summer of 1784 Father Payet went from Detroit to Vincennes, where he remained till September. Later the same priest was sent on a tour of inspection to Kaskaskia and Cahokia. Father Gibault, who in 1785 had left the Spanish territory in spite of advantageous offers and had taken up his residence at Vincennes, continued to look upon himself as the vicar general of the bishop of Quebec for this region, and it was some time before he learned of the changes in the ecclesiastical situation; and, when this was forced on his attention, by the arrival of priests from the East, he was unwilling to submit to the new jurisdiction.³

This unwillingness to recognize the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical authority of the United States, though it might be regarded as an inconsistency in the light of the important part Father Gibault had taken for the transference of allegiance of his people to the United States, is not to be wondered at, in view of the fact that both the Bishop of Quebec and the Prefect Apostolic of the United States were in doubt about the matter. As a matter of fact the re-organization of the Church for the benefit of the thirteen states entirely ignored the western country. So far as an actual change of jurisdiction was concerned there affecting the Illinois country, there was none in the original provisions, and Father Gibault was right in his assumption that that part of the country still remained under the Bishop of Quebec.⁴

However, when the representatives of Father Carroll, the Prefect Apostolic of the United States, appeared in the Mississippi valley towns Father Gibault betook himself to Vincennes, where there was no priest, and where he was cordially welcomed. It should be noted that he was not unwelcome in Illinois. The people of Cahokia at any rate were very anxious to have him locate there, and, as will be seen, a trial of at least one of the new priests, Pierre Huet de la Valliniere, brought home to the people the virtues and graces of Father Gibault.

But we can understand the situation at this time better by reference to a letter which Father Gibault wrote the bishop after arriving

² A full and clear discussion of this entire matter will be found in Dr. Peter Guilday's recently published work, *The Life and Times of John Carroll*.

³ Alvord, *Illinois Historical Collection*, Vol. 5, p. 35, ch. XXXIV.

⁴ The question was not definitely settled by Rome until 1791.

at Vincennes to take charge of that parish. After some preliminaries the good priest writes:

“Yes, My Lord, I have always devoted myself to performing all the duties of the holy service. I still do all I can even now to fulfill them, and by the Grace of God I shall try to perform them even better in the future. I have enough confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ to hope to banish in a short time barbarism from Post Vincennes, where the inhabitants, and especially the young people, had had no religious teaching for twenty-three years except when I or Mr. Payet happened to pass through there on our short missionary journeys. The inhabitants have been brought up like the savages in the midst of whom they live. I have taught and still teach the catechism to them twice a day, after Mass and before sunset. After each lesson in the catechism, I send away the girls and make the boys repeat the responses of the Mass and the ceremonies of the church for feast-days and on Sundays as often as it is possible for me to do so. In a word, I have been here for a year and a half; and when I arrived here I found no one, either grown up or young, to assist at Mass except an old European who was not always able to come, and then there was no Mass. Two months later I had several of them; and now even the smallest ones in the village know not only how to assist at Mass but also at the ceremonies of the feast-days and Sundays, and all the lesser and greater catechism. I should be well enough pleased with the spiritual condition of the people, were it not for this accursed trade in Eaudvie which I cannot succeed in uprooting and which obliges me to refuse the sacraments to several, for the savages commit horrible disorders when in liquor, especially those of these nations here. We are abandoned to ourselves; there is no justice, or at least there is no authority to see that justice is rendered. M. Le Gras and some of the principal merchants and inhabitants do all in their power to maintain good order, and they succeed tolerably well. I would not have succeeded in having a church built at this point if the inhabitants of Cahokia had not sent to me a messenger with a request from all the parish to officiate them, offering me some advantages. The inhabitants of Post Vincennes, fearing with reason that I might abandon them, resolved unanimously to build a church ninety feet long and forty-two feet wide on a foundation with studwork, for which a part of the lumber has already been bought, and also a few toises of stone for the foundation. The church will have pillars only seventeen feet high, but the winds are so fierce in this country that even that is quite high for good strength. The house which serves me now as a church will serve me as a priest's house, into which I intend to move in a few months. The lot is large, very dry, and in the midst of the village; it was I myself, together with the marguilliers, who acquired this land sixteen years ago. I beg you to approve of the erection of the new church under the title of St. Francis Xavier on the Wabash, and to command me, in respect to it, to continue building it and to decorate it as far as the poverty of the inhabitants will permit. I shall try my best to interest in its behalf the merchants

who come from all parts to trade at this post, but a word of exhortation from you would do more from a distance than I can do right here; I beg you to grant us this request."⁵

The foregoing is a portion of an extremely lengthy letter which Father Gibault addressed to the bishop, and which treats of many other subjects, including slanders that had been spread concerning him. We have quoted from this letter before, and will have occasion again to deal with it.

As a further indication of the unsettled condition of affairs Father Gibault in this same letter directs the bishop's attention to the apparent conflict of jurisdiction:

"Another affair which demands some attention from you, in order to give me a decision clear and to the point, is the following: Father Ferdinand Farmer, vicar general at Philadelphia elect of the United Provinces of America, writes me, at the order of that bishop M. Carroll, to proclaim a jubilee, which had been retarded by the wars, for all the faithful Catholics in America. I received this charge last winter. I have not even spoken about it and I shall not speak of it till after your orders. It is singular that the address of my letter is to M. Gibault, grand vicar of Monseigneur the Bishop of Quebec, and that I should receive included therewith a charge from another bishop. I would receive more willingly a suspension from my bishop than honors from another. Since I have no certain knowledge of the separation of this part of the diocese of Quebec, I can follow only your orders.

A barefooted German Carmelite, thirty-four years old, with his priest's orders, a certificate from the colonel of the regiment in which he served as chaplain until peace was made, and some letters from the grand vicar granting him the privilege of ministering on the banks of the Mississippi without mention of any place in particular, whose name is Father de St. Pierre, came here a year ago in the name of M. Carroll, bishop elect of America, from whom came his orders. I did not dare say anything to him without your orders, and I did not write to you about it sooner, for he kept saying that he was going to return to France by way of New Orleans. However, he is still in Illinois. He seemed to be very zealous, but with a zeal quite unmanageable for these regions without justice. Thus you will order all that you may judge fit in these affairs."

Months and even years passed, however, and no definite information was given the lonely priest as to his status. The stormy De la Valliniere came and, though entrusted with the powers of vicar general, gave Father Gibault no information or indication regarding his standing, confining his intercourse with him largely to criticisms and

⁵ Quebec Archives.

factionous objections. Nevertheless, Father Gibault proceeded with his pastoral labors, rebuilt the church, and, as was the case everywhere he went, brought back religion and order, and restored peace and prosperity to the community.

In the face of the silence of all his ecclesiastical contemporaries he writes again under date of May 22, 1788, to the Bishop of Quebec, complaining rather bitterly that he was left without information and apparently forgotten, and reverting to the innuendoes contained in former letters which he had received. This letter, however, is more appropriate in a subsequent chapter, for which it is reserved.

The parish records of the old St. Francis Xavier Church at Vincennes show that he was as attentive as ever to all his church duties, and that he there continued his labors until October, 1789, at which time he removed again to Cahokia, and for the first time took up his residence in the establishment of the Fathers of the Foreign Missions, to whom he was credited at the outset of his career, and where he resided and acted as pastor until 1792, at which time he at last gave up the struggle on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, and went over to the Spanish dominion, becoming subject to Spanish authority, both temporal and spiritual.

IX. FATHER GIBAULT ON TRIAL

As has been frequently intimated, Father Gibault's character and reputation were subjected to various attacks. The cases in which men live a long and active life without being attacked and made the subject of criticism are rare indeed. Father Gibault was not in this favored category, and although the attacks were shadowy and extremely uncertain, both as to the identity of the attackers and the substance of the attacks, yet largely from Father Gibault's frank defense, supplemented to a certain extent by other writings, we are able to sketch the various counts in the indictments leveled against him.

For the benefit of the reader the various accusations are first set forth, and the answers thereto then stated.

The first charge or complaint registered against Father Gibault appears in the words of the bishop who consecrated him, John Oliver Briand, and the substance of it is that, contrary to the wishes of the bishop, and unknown to him, Father Gibault permitted his mother to accompany him to the Illinois missions. This charge has been

answered heretofore, and need not be further referred to.¹ The remaining charges may be summed up as follows:

1. That he failed in the discharge of his duty.
2. That he gave cause for scandal.
3. That he remained out late at night.
4. That he was addicted to drink.
5. That he was too favorable to the American cause.
6. That as he grew older he was worn out and feeble.
7. That he asked for and secured a grant of church property in his own name.

Let us now seek the answer to these accusations, in order that the reader may be able to judge of the innocence or culpability of the accused, and, in doing so, let us hear first from the defendant himself. In his letter of June 6, 1786, addressed to Bishop Briand, Father Gibault thus answers all intimations that he had not fully discharged his duties. On this point he says:

“Yes, My Lord, I have always devoted myself to performing all the duties of the holy services. I still do all I can even now to fulfill them, and by the grace of God I shall try to perform them even better in the future. I have enough confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ to hope to banish in a short time barbarism from Post Vincennes, where the inhabitants, and especially the young people, had had no religious teaching for twenty-three years except when I or Mr. Payet happened to pass through there on our short missionary journeys. The inhabitants have been brought up like the savages in the midst of whom they live. I have taught and still teach the catechism to them twice a day, after Mass and before sunset. After each lesson in the catechism, I send away the girls and make the boys repeat the responses of the Mass and the ceremonies of the church for feast-days and Sundays. I devote myself to preaching on feast-days and Sundays as often as it is possible for me to do so. In a word, I have been here for a year and a half; and when I arrived

¹ In one of his letters Father Gibault said: “As regards my mother and sister, I can tell you that six days before I left Montreal I did not know that they wished to come with me. On the contrary my mother told me when I was at her house that her age and still more her will prevented her from wishing to leave her country, but I could not send her away, my dear mother, who came to me at Montreal saying that she would go to the ends of the earth (with me) rather than be left in her old age at the mercy of any and everybody.”

Father Meurin, his sole aid in the vest field, also wrote the Bishop:

“His mother, far from being an obstacle to his zeal, is very useful to him by relieving him from temporal cares, and thus making it possible for him to devote himself entirely to spiritual affairs, for we do not find here as in France trustworthy and reliable servants.” Quebec Archives.

here I found no one, either grown up or young, to assist at Mass except an old European who was not always able to come, and then there was no Mass. Two months later I had several of them; and now even the smallest ones in the village know not only how to assist at Mass but also at the ceremonies of the feast-days and Sundays, and all the lesser and greater catechism. I should be well enough pleased with the spiritual condition of the people, were it not for this accursed trade in *caudevie*, which I cannot succeed in uprooting and which obliges me to refuse the sacraments to several, for the savages commit horrible disorders when in liquor; especially those of these nations here. * * *

Count up, now, all the troubles and poverty that I have suffered in my various journeys to distant places both in winter and in summer, in order to minister to so many villages so far separated in distant Illinois, in good weather or in bad weather, by day or by night, through the snow or through the rain, through wind or tempest or fog on the Mississippi, so that I have not been able to sleep in my own bed more than four times in one year, never delaying my departure even in the very moment in which I was not feeling well myself. How can a priest who sacrifices himself in that manner, without any other end in view than the glory of God and the salvation of his fellowmen, without any gain, almost always badly nourished, not able to attend to the spiritual and the temporal, how, I repeat, can that priest, zealous to perform the duties of his holy office, diligent in keeping watch over his flock, in instructing it on the most important points of religion, not only teaching the young, without ceasing and without relaxing, the Christian doctrine, but also teaching those boys to read and write; how can that priest be known as one who gives cause for scandal and is addicted to drunkenness? This is my case and involves contradiction. A priest given to indolence does not give himself so much trouble, does not trouble himself with a crowd of children to annoy him, does not expose himself to so many dangers, either from the savages or from the water, or the bad weather, nor does he sacrifice all he might gain in constructing churches, having alter-pieces and tabernacles worth a thousand crowns, without counting the rest, at his own cost and expense. If this is not a mark to the contrary then I do not know where to find others. If you do not believe my words in this matter, believe my works, all is extant.’²

² A paragraph in another letter written January 10, 1771, reads as follows: “Sometimes in England, sometimes in Spain (meaning, presumably, that he was part of the time in English territory, part in Spanish, etc.); a trip by canoe, one on foot, one or several on horseback; sometimes living well, sometimes fasting several days; sometimes passing several nights without sleeping, at other times not being able to sleep on account of gnats and other more malignant creatures, such as lice, fleas, bedbugs, etc., sometimes too tired to be able to eat or sleep; sometimes trembling with fear through a whole pitch-black night at the foot of a tree or in a dense thicket, at other times running away from the

No defense could be more complete. In addition every letter of Father Gibault's that has been preserved is evidence of his fidelity to the duties of his sacred office, nor is he alone and uncorroborated in his representations. Several letters from the saintly Father Meurin, and heretofore referred to, or quoted from, bear testimony of the untiring zeal of Father Gibault. As time passes new ecclesiastics come into the neighborhood, and each in turn with the exception of the stormy De la Valliniere, lauds the indefatigable priest. The Carmelite, Paul de St. Pierre, whose own character and ministrations, made him eminently worthy of credence, speaks in the highest terms of Father Gibault, and, finally, the parishioners and residents of the several localities which he served, when brought to a comprehension of realities, gave him the highest character, despite the fact that some amongst them had made scandalous and untruthful accusations or captious criticisms.

We may next turn to the intimations to the effect that Father Gibault gave scandal. These insinuations have been made with reference to Father Gibault's association with the Spanish Commandant in St. Louis, and are met by the frank, open statement of Father Gibault:

"As to the rogueries of the commandant of St. Genevieve, he has no equal in the world. At the same time you will not find, perhaps, his equal for all sorts of good qualities. He has been commandant here for ten years and no one has had a single reproach against him. Just, without partiality or exception for anyone, with no confederate either man or woman, disinterested to the last degree, solitary at home, full of religion himself and employing all his authority in having religion rigorously observed, fasting every Wednesday, and observing on that day an abstinence independent of the other days, very benevolent, saying his breviary carefully every day, having studied well and speaking a good Latin; after all that what can one do when he is roguish? To remain quiet, that is all; for to save him is not possible. Neither the governor nor his wife are more sparing than anybody else except in time of serious affairs. You do not know the Spanish nation; for them all is despotism. If you do not go at their invitation, they send you an ordinance which informs you that the welfare or the interest of His Majesty requires you at that moment for the government. What is one to do? One must withdraw as I did, in spite of the advantages had from the king, papers concerning which I am keeping and in which I received some very

Indians at the full speed of my horse * * * sometimes with the rain on my body, sometimes hiding in the trunk of a tree; in the morning freezing with cold, and at noon scorched by the heat of the sun; sometimes full of sorrow, and at other times filled with comfort * * * such is my life at Illinois. Pity me, or rather my soul; pray for it." Alvord, *Illinois Country*, p. 272.

advantageous appointments in the position of missionary to St. Genevieve."³

Somebody had evidently tattled to the bishop to the effect that Father Gibault remained out late at night. To this he makes the following direct answer:

"As for the evenings which they told you I was prolonging till three or four o'clock in the morning, I have been sometimes to wedding-feasts, but I never stayed later than nine or half past nine. The reason is clear: the young people must dance, and I have never seen even the table cleared."⁴

The charge which was intended, of course, to do the greatest damage to Father Gibault was that he drank to excess. With appropriate indignation Father Gibault resents this charge. He says:

"It has been more than a year since I have had no liquor at my house, and I do not even drink a swallow now and then, either of wine or brandy. I think no longer about it. It is not a vow nor a sacrifice; for, whatever may have been related to you, I never had any attachment for any kind of drink, and never did drink more than a swallow of brandy, as a traveler will, not even thinking about it when I had none. It must be that those who told you abominations so atrocious as those you mention in your last letter were incited by the father of lies, or it must be that I reproved them too strongly concerning their vices and bad conduct, for I do not see any cause for their calumny."⁵

As a matter of fact, Father Gibault, if we accept his word in good faith, sustained the character of the illustrious pioneers in the mission field, the long line of Jesuits who unfalteringly and persistently fought the liquor traffic, and in season and out of season inveighed against liquor, doing everything in their power to save their charges from the curse of liquor. This was made plain by another quotation from a lengthy letter of June 6, 1786, written by Father Gibault to the Bishop of Quebec:

"I should be well enough pleased with the spiritual condition of the people were it not for this accursed trade in *caudevie*, which I cannot succeed in uprooting, and which obliges me to refuse the sacraments to several, for the savages commit horrible disorders when in liquor, especially those of these nations here."

Read also this further cry of distress on account of the liquor traffic:

³ Quebec Archives.

⁴ *Ib.*

⁵ *Ib.*

"And what conduct is one to observe in the tribunal of one's conscience? Since the savages sell their meat, their oil, their tallow only for *caudevie*, which the Spaniards and the English find no difficulty in giving to them, what shall the French do to have some of these commodities? These merchants, moreover, do not wish to sell any except for peltries, which a poor father of a family has not; and therefore, he sees himself reduced to eat corn and drink pure water (to sustain his strength) for his work."

Unless Father Gibault was deliberately untruthful in this regard, and the mere suspicion of untruthfulness is negatived by every known act of the man during the thirty-six years of his strenuous labors in the priesthood, his memory must be cleared of the aspersions cast upon him by tattlers and gossipers.

We now come to the charges against him by British officers and sympathizers, and given credence by the bishops of Quebec, loyal and steadfast in the British cause, that he sympathized with and aided the American cause. To this charge all who have studied the evidence with any care plead guilty for him. This feature of his career has been examined heretofore, and need not be again discussed. It is believed that there is no longer any doubt that Father Gibault was the leading spirit and the principal force in bringing the people of the northwest into sympathy with the American cause, and as a result eventually gaining for the United States all that vast territory included within the present sovereign states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.⁸

The other charges against Father Gibault had a closer relation to the administration of the Church by the Prefect Apostolic and Bishop of the United States, John Carroll, and may more properly be examined in a separate chapter.

X. NO REWARD OR REQUITAL

Bishop Porteus is credited with the following patriotic expression :

"He who undertakes an occupation of great toil and danger for the purpose of serving, defending and protecting his country is a most valuable and respectable member of society; and if he conducts himself with valor, fidelity and humanity, and amidst the horrors of war cultivates the gentle manners of peace and the virtues of a devout and holy life, he most amply deserves and will assuredly receive the esteem, the admiration and the applause of his grateful

⁶ *Ib.*

⁷ *Ib.*

⁸ See former papers of this series.

country, and what is of still greater importance, the approbation of his God.'"

This sentiment will be concurred in by all men of intelligence, but it will be found that too often it fails to express the truth. In the case of Father Gibault every one of the qualifications was fulfilled, but no single one of the rewards mentioned has ever been conferred.

It would be quite natural to expect that after the signal services rendered by Father Gibault some effort would have been made to requite him, at least in his necessities. As has been shown, in order to sustain the credit of the new government, which he had so materially aided in establishing, he not only procured the help of his friend, Colonel Vigo, but himself advanced every *livre* he could secure. His household goods, his horse, even his servant, and his tithes, he sacrificed to make good the currency of the new government, under strong representations that his advances would be repaid. The total amount of his advances was 7,800 livres, a fortune for a man of no means. The event shows, however, that no part of the funds advanced was ever repaid him.

Not only that, but he was made to pay a penalty for his patriotism, the most severe that could be exacted against a clergyman, namely, the loss of standing with his superiors. In view of many things that have been said and of charges that will be examined hereafter, it is appropriate to discuss here the grounds for asserting that Father Gibault lost caste with the Bishop of Quebec, especially on account of his aid to the American cause. The evidence of this fact appears in a letter written by Bishop Hubert of Quebec, to the then Prefect Apostolic at Baltimore, John Carroll, dated October 6, 1788:

"True it is that M. Gibault was nominated twenty years ago as vicar general for the Illinois country; but since that time the episcopal see of Quebec has twice changed its incumbent without his faculties having been renewed. Complaints of different kinds, especially a suspicion of treason toward government, caused my predecessors to entertain some antipathy towards him, so much so that I propose to give him no employment for the future. That would be easier for you to do.

I received a letter from him this year in which he asks to come back to the Province of Quebec. After the disadvantageous opinion that the government has formed of him, I cannot prudently consent to his return. Nevertheless, if you judge it proper to continue him as a missionary, I ratify in advance all that you may be pleased to ordain therein, either in regard to him or to other missionaries now there or to be sent. Observe, please that M. de la Valiniere is a man of very good morals but that, as we have experienced in Canada, his turbulent spirit is capable of causing much trouble to his associates.

As for Detroit, I shall continue to send missionaries there as heretofore.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, with sincere veneration, in union with your holy sacrifices, sir, your humble and obedient servant.

(Signed) JEAN FRANÇOIS,
Bishop of Quebec.”¹

It may not be justifiable to infer that this letter from a brother bishop prejudiced Bishop Carroll against Father Gibault. The wording of it though is rather insinuating. The Bishop of Quebec says, “Complaints of different kinds,” adding, “especially a suspicion of treason toward the government, caused my predecessors to entertain some antipathy towards him, so much so that I propose to give him no employment for the future.” While Bishop Carroll may not have been influenced by what is said of “treason toward the government,” he may have been by the suggestion of “complaints of different kinds.”

It is true that Prefect Apostolic Carroll did receive complaints and criticisms other than those suggested by the Bishop of Quebec, which will be further referred to, but the up-shot of the whole matter was that, without his fault, Father Gibault lost the support of his spiritual superiors. It will be necessary to refer to this matter again.

To understand the misfortunes visited upon Father Gibault after the triumph of the American cause, it is necessary to recall the historical sequence of the decades succeeding the revolution.

It has been a matter of some difficulty for casual readers of history to understand the relation of the George Rogers Clark expedition to the war of the revolution. George Rogers Clark was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, November 19, 1752. His birthplace was about one and one-half miles north of Monticello, the home and burial place of Thomas Jefferson. He was accordingly twenty-six years old when he made his famous conquest of the Northwest. He was extraordinarily active as a young man, and before reaching his twentieth birthday he had made an extensive trip into the interior of the country. When he was barely twenty-two he had won his first military honors in the Dunmore war, and as early as 1776, when he was less than twenty-four years of age we find him extremely active in the affairs of Kentucky, which was then the western extreme of the Virginia domain.

Under the Royal grant issued by the British King for the Virginia colony, the grantees, relying upon the clause which purported to

¹ Quebec Archives.

convey a strip of territory between certain parallels of latitude and "from sea to sea," claimed territory beginning on the Atlantic Ocean and continuing westward indefinitely, which included not only Kentucky, but Ohio, Indiana and Illinois as well.

Prior to the revolution the Virginia colony had extended its occupation to Kentucky, and George Rogers Clark and John Gabriel Jones were, on June 6, 1776, selected to represent the people of the Kentucky settlements in the Virginia legislature. Immediately after the election a journey to the seat of government at Williamsburg, Virginia, was begun. On arriving at Williamsburg, after traveling seven hundred miles, they found the legislature had adjourned some five days previous, but Clark was persistent and determined to confer with the governor, who was none other than the great patriot and orator, Patrick Henry. He was received courteously and provided with a favorable letter to the Executive Council of the Commonwealth.

Appearing before the Executive Council Clark told of the situation and location of the British posts in Kaskaskia, Vincennes and Detroit, and proposed an expedition for the purpose of capturing these posts. By his earnestness and winning address he won over the Executive Council. Amongst the arguments used by Clark it is said that he declared that if Virginia claimed the western country Virginia should aid in its protection, and that "the country that was not worth defending was not worth claiming." His principal request was for gunpowder, and on August 23, 1776, an order was entered that five hundred pounds of gunpowder be forthwith sent to Pittsburg, and delivered to the commanding officer of that station, by him to be safely kept, and delivered to George Rogers Clark, or his order.

When the legislature met again Clark and Jones were present. They were not admitted as members of the body, but were permitted to maintain close relations with it in an advisory way. Legislation was secured recognizing the Kentucky country, and providing for its organization as a county by the name of Kentucky County.

Clark now obtained authorization from the Governor and Executive Council, composed of Thomas Jefferson, George Mason and George Wythe, to raise a force and attempt the conquest of the British posts of the Northwest.

We have already seen how this mission was effected. It remains therefore, but to explain that, although the commonwealth of Virginia was a constituent part of the federation of states or colonies that had joined in the Declaration of Independence and the prosecu-

tion of the Revolutionary War, yet it maintained a separate entity and undertook the Clark enterprise independently of the federation, intending to secure the invaded territory to the commonwealth, and hold it, when secured, as a part of the state of Virginia.

To effect the conquest men and means were necessary, and Clark was authorized to raise volunteers in the home counties. Eventually a company was also raised in Kentucky. To defray expenses the Virginia Assembly authorized the appropriation of twelve hundred pounds, which Clark brought with him in Virginia scrip, and which depreciated in value until it became worthless. This scrip was all dumped upon the inhabitants of Kaskaskia and the surrounding territory, and in addition much more continental currency, and even gold, which was furnished by Oliver Pollock of New Orleans, who became the financial agent, not only of the federation, but also of the commonwealth of Virginia, was expended in the Clark conquest.

It was this Virginia scrip which Father Gibault and his firm friend, Colonel Francis Vigo, undertook to sustain, that crippled both these patriots financially.

Succeeding the Clark conquest the legislature of Virginia made the captured territory, including what is now the states of Illinois and Indiana, a county of Virginia, and named it Illinois County. For a time Clark himself remained at Kaskaskia as governor or commandant, but soon thereafter John Todd of Kentucky was named governor, and came to Kaskaskia to administer the government.

It is no reflection upon either Clark or Todd to say that the new rulership was a dismal failure. Although the war had resulted in favor of the Federation and the Continental Congress had been succeeded by the Federal Congress and a president, the Mississippi region received little attention as it was far removed from the seat of government. In addition a burning question had arisen concerning the right of Virginia to hold its claimed western possessions, and demanding that the territory be turned over to the general government. This conflict extended over a period of years, and while it waged scarcely no attention was paid to the settled parts of the western territory. As Father Gibault put it in a letter to the bishop, written from Ste. Genevieve, April 1, 1783:

“The Illinois people are more unfortunate than they were. After having been ruined and worn out by the Virginians and left without a commandant, without truce and without justice, they are governing

themselves by whim and caprice; or, to put it better, by the law of the strongest.”²

Another letter, written from Kaskaskia, May 10, 1780, to George Rogers Clark, illustrating the suavity and resourcefulness, as well as the diplomatic spirit under serious difficulties, is interesting:

“Mr. G. R. Clark,
Sir:—

We have been greatly disappointed in not having the pleasure of seeing you in our village. The joy was general when we knew that you were so near us. The kindness and benefits you showed us during your stay here gave us the promise of the same when you should return. I was not one of those who desired you with the least ardor. You know my heart; and, if the public affairs of my ministry did not demand my presence, I should have given myself the pleasure and honor of making you a visit in your new establishment; but I hope that it is only a postponement and that another opportunity will find me less occupied. We are very poor and destitute of all things. We are impatiently expecting the village boats. We fear the savages and the evilly disposed people who are urging them to kill us. In a word we are truly in a sad situation. In spite of all this we are of good courage and are so good Americans that we are ready to defend ourselves to the death against any who attack us. I pray you to accept my respects and to employ me in any way in my power for your service. I always have true pleasure in being useful to you and in calling myself with all possible consideration,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

P. GIBAUT, Priest.”³

The foregoing letter to Bishop Briand is but a mild statement of the conditions existing in the locality. The people were absolutely impoverished and, of course, Father Gibault was without means.

In this situation he asked Congress to redeem the promises made by Clark and his agents, and repay the advances made by him. In a letter written several years after (May 1, 1790), addressed to Governor Arthur St. Clair, this attempt is described by Father Gibault himself. Memorializing the new governor of the region Father Gibault, speaking in the third person, says:

“That from the moment of the conquest of the Illinois country by Colonel George Rogers Clark (your memorialist) has not been backward in venturing his life on the many occasions in which he

² The best account of all incidents connected with the Clark Conquest will be found in Consul Wiltshire Butterfield's *History of George Rogers Clark's Conquest*.

³ Dr. MSS. 50J37—Also quoted in Alvord, *Illinois Historical Collections*, Vol. 5, p. 518.

found that his presence was useful and at all times sacrificing his property which he gave for the support of the troops at the same price that he could have received the Spanish milled dollars and for which, however, he has received only paper dollars of which he has had no information since he sent them, addressed to the Commissioner of Congress who required a statement of the depreciation of them at the Ohio River in 1783—with an express promise in reply that particular attention should be paid to his account because it was well known to be in no wise exaggerated. In reality; he parted with his tithes and his beasts only to set an example to his parishioners. * * * The love of country and of liberty has also led your memorialist to reject all the advantages offered him by the Spanish government and he endeavored by every means in his power by assertions and exhortations and by appeals to the principal inhabitants to retain every person in the dominion of the United States in expectation of better times giving them to understand that our lives and property having been employed twelve years in the aggrandizement and preservation of the United States would at least receive an acknowledgment and be compensated by the enlightened and upright masters who, sooner or later, would come to examine into and relieve us from our situation.’⁴

Despite his signal services and his urgent necessities no part of the monies advanced by him was ever repaid. It was no consolation to Father Gibault and, of course, adds nothing in the way of satisfaction that he was not the only sufferer. His friend, Colonel Vigo, made similar advances, to the extent of more than \$12,000, and many of the inhabitants of Kaskaskia and the neighboring communities also suffered heavy losses as a result of the expenses of the Clark conquest.

The greatest sufferer of all, however, was the fiscal agent, Oliver Pollock, who used his good offices with the Spanish governor to secure funds with which Virginia discharged some of the expenses of the Clark conquest, on the faith that Virginia would reimburse the Spanish treasury. Virginia failing to do so, Pollock was held personally liable, and cast into the debtor's prison, after all his personal resources had been taken for partial liquidation of the debt. So much for the funds advanced and lost.

When, eventually, there was a compromise effected, and Virginia transferred the western territory claimed by it to the United States Government, Congress begun to pay some attention to the remote dwellers on the Mississippi and the Wabash, and passed laws confirming to the residents of these localities the properties which they occupied, to the extent of 160 acres as a homestead, allotted to the

⁴ *American State Papers, Public Lands*, Vol. 1, p. 21.

heads of families. Father Gibault, however, was not the head of a family, being celibate, and consequently gained nothing under the Acts of Congress.

An incident in this connection, however, demonstrates not only his continued popularity, but also his solicitude for the people with whom he had been so long and intimately associated. In the law, setting aside a homestead for the residents, it was provided that those who claimed a homestead should be required to have the same surveyed at their own expense. Impoverished as they were they were utterly unable to pay the expense of a survey, and in their desperation they again appealed to their trusted leader, who wrote the Commissioner of Congress as follows:

"Your Excellency is an eye witness of the poverty to which the inhabitants are reduced, and of the total want of provisions to subsist on. Not knowing where to find a morsel of bread to nourish their families, by what means can they support the expense of a survey which has not been sought for on their parts, and for which it is conceived by them, there is no necessity. Loaded with misery and groaning under the weight of misfortunes since the Virginia troops entered their country, the unhappy inhabitants throw themselves under the protection of your Excellency, and take the liberty to solicit you to lay their deplorable situation before Congress."⁵

In response to this appeal, transmitted by the governor of the Northwest territory to Congress, the law requiring the inhabitants to pay for surveying their lands was amended as follows:

"Section 8: And be it further enacted that so much of the Act of Congress of the 28th day of August One thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight as refers to the location of certain tracts of land, directed to be run out and reserved for donations to the ancient settlers in the Illinois country, be and the same is hereby repealed, and the governor of the said territory is directed to lay out the same agreeable to the Act of Congress of the 20th of June one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight."⁶

Such a favorable impression did Father Gibault make upon Congress that it devoted another section of the Act containing this repeal and amendment to him, as follows:

"Section 7: And be it further enacted that two lots of land heretofore in the occupation of the priests at Cahokia, and situated near that village, be and the same is hereby granted in fee to P. Gibault, and that a tract of land at Kaskaskia, formerly occupied by the Jes-

⁵ Published in *St. Clair Papers*, Vol. 1, p. 165.

⁶ See *United States Statutes at Large*, Vol. 1, pp. 221-2.

uits, be laid off and confirmed to St. Jean Beauvais, who claims the same by virtue of a purchase thereof."⁷

Thus Congress undertook the disposition of part of the Church property in Illinois.

As we are to consider the question of properties further in connection with Father Gibault, it need but be said here that Father Gibault never received the lots at Cahokia granted him by Congress. He never received or asked for any other.

Though, as we shall see, Father Gibault lived until the year 1804, eleven years after the close of the revolution, and sixteen years after he had advanced all his means for the American cause, he never was remunerated or rewarded in any way.

In speaking of the ingratitude shown Father Gibault, Mr. Dunn says:

"In truth, our French friends fared badly under the American rule, and none so badly as Father Gibault who did not get any return in land as a militiaman or the head of a family and lost his ecclesiastical support on account of the change of jurisdiction. He never received a particle of compensation from Virginia or the United States for his services, and he never received one cent of repayment for money and goods actually furnished to our troops. The situation seems almost incredible, but it was a horrible reality."⁸

Mr. English, in his valuable work, "The Conquest of the Northwest," says:

"There is no reason, however, why his great services should not have been properly recognized, but they never were. As far as the author is advised, no county, town or post office bears his name; no monument has been erected to his memory, and no headstone marks his grave, as its location is entirely unknown. It is well for him that he could turn to the religion of which he had been so faithful a servant and find consolation in the trust that there was a heaven where meritorious deeds, such as his, find reward, since they were so poorly appreciated and requited on earth."⁹

(The next paper treats of Father Gibault's relations with Bishop Carroll.)

JOSEPH J. THOMPSON.

Chicago.

⁷ *Ib.*

⁸ Paper read before Illinois State Historical Society, and published in *Transactions of that Society*—1905.

⁹ *Conquest of the Northwest*, pp. 189-90.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PLAINS

On the plains of Kansas, near the city of Topeka, the remnant of the Pottawattami tribe, originally a component part of the once great and powerful Algonquin family of North American Indians, found a last safe refuge place. Thither they had drifted from Michigan and Northern Wisconsin. They were never very numerous. When in 1838 the government settled them on the banks of the Missouri, the whole tribe numbered less than 4,000, the majority of them being roving, uncivilized pagans. Subsequently a part of the tribe was removed with some Chippewas and Ottawas, but they eventually joined others or disappeared. Those who were settled in Kansas embraced for the greater part the Catholic religion, mostly through the indefatigable ministrations of that illustrious Indian Missionary, Father De Smet, S. J. They soon erected schools and churches and adapted themselves to the white man's habits and customs. After varied experiences, however, this Prairie band gradually grew less and less, until today its remainder numbers but a few hundred survivors.

One of their prominent chiefs of more recent years was Pe-she-quin, the grandfather of our subject, a fearless man on the side of right and justice, who, with others, signed the treaty on February 27, 1867, the policy of which was to give individual Indians a conditional title to their several tracts of land. This experience, however, met with varied success. Some did well and improved, others squandered their lands and their portion of the funds and became paupers. Pe-she-quin died at a ripe age, sincerely mourned by the members of his tribe, to whom he had proved at all times a powerful defender and great moral support. But he left but scanty means for the support of his family, which by fishing and hunting and the monthly government rations he tried hard to sustain. Wabaunsee, the old chief's son, led to the bridal altar Sacco, a young prepossessing Pottawattami maiden of some eighteen summers, and installed her as squaw in a rather unpretentious bark hut, there to preside as mistress over his improvised hearth and home. Sacco was not then, nor is she yet today, a convert either to the Catholic or to any other religion. She still listens to the whisperings of the wind and the murmurings of the brook as the voice of the great Manitou, looking forward to the day when her now exhausted and weary body shall be transported to the often dreamed-of happy hunting grounds. Withal she proved a faithful and loving companion and wife to Wabaunsee, sharing his

lot of poverty and privation uncomplainingly, preferring to remain a "blanket Indian" to this very day. In the course of their married life, she became the mother of seven children, four of whom died in early age. The baby girl, Elisabeth, the heroine of this sketch, was born to them March 17, 1897.

She grew up as every other Indian child was wont to grow up, inured to privations and hardships from her earliest days. As a little papoose she accompanied her mother on her daily errands and rounds of duties, being safely tucked away in a primitive shawl-cradle, securely strapped to her mother's back. From this place of vantage her wistful, liquid eyes absorbed the first impressions of the strange outer-world, especially when carried through the streets of the nearby city. In the evening hours when father and mother would squat in their humble cabin before a bright burning log-fire, Sacco's mother love would croon some vernacular lullaby to little Elisabeth to put the child to sleep. The venison of the prairie and the fish of the Kansas River constituted her main means of living. As the months rolled into years, she became a docile and affectionate child, and, to the unfeigned joy of the parents, every day beheld rare dispositions of heart and mind develop in the girl. At the age of six, little Elisabeth entered the Primary Schools on the Reservation, and these finished, was admitted as pupil to the Haskell Institute, where she acquitted herself most creditably in all branches of her studies, especially in the Commercial course. It was now the summer of 1916 and Elisabeth was 19 years old. She must soon decide for after-life. Was she to marry into her tribe and become the squaw of some poor Pottawattami youth who could at best promise her but a life of continuous care and drudgery. No, decidedly No, and her anxious father said emphatically No! "My child," said the old Indian to his daughter, "our people, the Indians, are to a great extent shifters, lazy and bad, therefore have nothing to do with them. Go to a place where you remain good and virtuous." Having received a thorough religious education from the zealous priest on the Reservation, Elisabeth had already decided to consecrate her life to the service of God and suffering humanity. Many a prayer had she said and many a Holy Communion offered up to this end, namely, that she be enabled to join some religious community and thus be retired from the world and its evil influences.

But whither should she go? At what Convent door was she to knock? Who would take a kindly interest in this forlorn red-skinned Indian maiden from the Pottawattomi tribe of the plains of Kansas?

After several fruitless and ineffectual attempts, the plaintive

pleading of this dear, fluttering dove reached the ears of sympathetic and generous hearted Mother Marciana of the Franciscan Sisters of St. John's Hospital of Springfield, Ill. Has our Lord ever discriminated between white, black or copper-colored children in the dispensation of His graces and blessings? Neither did this motherly mother, good Sister Marciana. It was a day of general rejoicing in the whole community when our Indian maiden, Elisabeth, crossed the hospital threshold and its portals swung wide open to receive her. She had landed in a haven of safety and rest where every one greeted her with a greeting of sincerest welcome. Her heart's desire, long harbored within her, was finally fulfilled, her application to become a Sister of Charity was duly considered and favorably acted upon, for since April 4, 1916, our Prairie Maiden is no longer known to the world as Elisabeth Wabaunsee, but since that day she is called by the name of Sister Emanuela, O. S. F., wearing the humble garb of a Franciscan Sister of Charity, ministering to the sick and suffering at the St. Mary's Hospital of D., Illinois.

Sister Emanuela is an accomplished professional nurse. Her examination, together with that of many other young sisters before the State Board of Examiners, was a triumph. Those immediately interested in this Indian Sister's educational qualifications and mental endowments were justly surprised at the clear and lucid answers and explanations given by her without hesitancy, fear or reserve. No less pleased at the result was, of course, the kind hearted Mother Superior, whose benevolent countenance radiated happy satisfaction and contentment when told of her ward's splendid showing. Ever since then has Sister Emanuela been employed as practical nurse. Those who have experienced her professional ministration in the capacity of trained nurse are loud in their unstinted praise of her vocational accomplishments, tender care and scrupulous exactitude wherewith she carries out her chosen profession. How it must have thrilled the soul of good old Wabaunsee when recently he journeyed forth from his far-off Reservation home in Kansas towards Springfield to pay a visit to his beloved daughter, Elisabeth, the Flower from the Land of the Pottawattamies, to greet her as Sister Emanuela, O. S. F., and to deliver Sacco's present to her cherished child, a pair of embroidered moccasins and a fine belt in finished flower bead-work. God's ways are wonderful.

(REV.) A. ZURBONSEN.

Springfield.

Illinois Catholic Historical Society

617 ASHLAND BLOCK, CHICAGO

HONORARY PRESIDENTS

Most Rev. George William Mundelein, D. D., *Chicago*
Rt. Rev. James Ryan, D. D., *Alton* Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, D. D., *Peoria*
Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, D. D., *Rockford* Rt. Rev. Henry Althoff, D. D., *Belleville*

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT
Rev. Frederic Siedenburg, S. J., *Chicago*

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
Edward Osgood Brown, *Chicago*

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
James M. Graham, *Springfield*

TREASURER
John P. V. Murphy, *Chicago*

FINANCIAL SECRETARY
Marie Sheahan, *Chicago*
FIRST RECORDING SECRETARY
Margaret Madden, *Chicago*

SECOND RECORDING SECRETARY
Helen Troesch, *Springfield*

ARCHIVIST
Rev. A. J. Wolfgarten, *Chicago*

TRUSTEES

Rt. Rev. Daniel J. Riordan, *Chicago*
Very Rev. James Shannon, *Peoria*
Very Rev. William H. Agnew, S. J.
Rev. John Webster Melody, *Chicago*
Mrs. Daniel V. Gallery, *Chicago*

Michael F. Girten, *Chicago*
James A. Bray, *Joliet*
Frank J. Seng, *Wilmette*
William F. Ryan, *Chicago*
William N. Brown, *Oak Park*

Illinois Catholic Historical Review

Journal of the Illinois Catholic Historical Society

917 ASHLAND BLOCK, CHICAGO

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Joseph J. Thompson.....*Chicago*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Rev. Frederick Beuckman.....*Belleville* Kate Meade.....*Chicago*
Rev. J. B. Culemans.....*Moline* Rev. Francis J. Epstein.....*Chicago*
William Stetson Merrill.....*Chicago*

EDITORIAL COMMENT

How the Church Came to Illinois. Nearly one hundred years before any white man of any other religious persuasion than Catholic trod upon the soil of Illinois, the Catholic Church was officially established in Illinois, the exact date being April 11 (Holy Thursday), 1675.

Prior to this momentous event Rev. James Marquette, S. J., and Louis Jolliet discovered the Mississippi River, and discovered and partially explored Illinois.

Father Marquette was born at Laon, in the Province of Champagne, in France, on June 10, 1637 was ordained a Jesuit priest October 8, 1654, and arrived in Quebec September 20, 1666. Immediately upon his arrival he began missionary work amongst the Indian tribes, and while he was located at one of the missions on Lake Superior, Indians of the Illinois tribes, in their wanderings about the country, came to Father Marquette's mission, and becoming acquainted with him told him of the Illinois country, the great river that flowed near it, and urged him to come and establish a mission amongst them.

Thereafter Father Marquette experienced a great desire to visit the Illinois country and establish the Church. These wishes he communicated to his superiors and associates, and in time the Governor of Canada was moved to attempt further exploration, and for that purpose directed Louis Jolliet and Father Marquette to undertake such exploration.

Leaving the Mission of St. Ignace at the point where Mackinac is now located, on the 17th of May, 1673, Father Marquette and Jolliet passed through Green Bay up the Fox River to its source, thence by portage to the Wisconsin River, out of which they sailed into the Mississippi River on the 17th of June, and thus discovered the "Father of Waters" which Father Marquette named the River of the Conception. The explorers continued their course down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas River, then retraced their way to the mouth of the Illinois River, which they entered, driving their canoes up-stream, stopping first at what is now Peoria for three days, where Father Marquette preached the gospel to the Indians, and as he was leaving, at the water's edge, baptised a dying Indian child. Proceeding up the river they again stopped on the plains near what is now Utica, in La Salle County, Illinois, virtually under the shadow of the great rock, afterwards known as Starved Rock.

Here Father Marquette found the Kaskaskia tribe of the Illinois family of Indians, and upon their earnest entreaties promised to return soon and establish the Church amongst them.

From the Kaskaskia village the explorers pushed on up the river, transporting their canoes from the upper regions of the Illinois to some one of the other rivers, the Kankakee, the Calumet or the Chicago River, through which they entered Lake Michigan, and rowed as far as the Jesuit mission at DePère, Wisconsin, where they arrived in the latter part of September, and where Father Marquette remained until October of the following year, suffering all the time from a severe illness.

As soon as his health would permit Father Marquette begun his promised return to the Kaskaskia Indians, and arrived at the mouth of the Chicago River, then located at the end of what is now Madison Street, on the 4th of December, 1674. Here he and his two companions remained for seven days, during which time Mass was celebrated daily. The canoes were then drawn out of the water up on the ice of the Chicago River, and dragged some six miles to a point on the South branch of the Chicago River, at about where the present Robey Street intersects the Drainage Canal. There a cabin was built, and Father Marquette and the two Frenchmen lived there until the 29th of March, 1675.

On that date Father Marquette again set out for the Kaskaskia village, where he arrived on April 8. After speaking to the Indian villagers in their wigwams for three days full preparation was made for the establishment of the Church.

Accordingly, on the 11th of April, being Holy Thursday, on a beautiful prairie near the town the great ceremony took place. The ground around was spread with mats and bear skins, and upon cords stretched for the purpose quantities of cloth were hung, upon which were attached four large pictures of the Blessed Virgin, arranged so as to be visible on all sides. Within the enclosure was a rude altar. This first congregation was composed of five hundred chiefs and old men seated in a circle around the altar, while the youths stood without to the number of fifteen hundred, and still beyond these were the women and children. The total audience numbered more than 2500.

After speaking to this strange auditory of Christ and his Church, Father Marquette offered up the Mass, and then officially founded the Catholic Church in the Illinois country, naming the unit there established the Mission of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The life record of this saintly missionary thereafter is but brief. Feeling the call of death upon him he bade his new formed congregation farewell on the succeeding Sunday (Easter), and undertook to return to the Mission of St. Ignace. It was, however, decreed otherwise, for as his attendants paddled the frail canoe along the eastern shores of Lake Michigan, and when they arrived at the mouth of a little river, since known as the Marquette River, Father Marquette was obliged to go on shore, and lying down on a rude couch made from leaves of the trees he yielded up his spirit on the 18th of May, 1675.

There in a rude grave prepared by his attendants Father Marquette's remains rested for two years, when they were removed by a party of Indians who knew him in his lifetime, and were buried on Whit-Tuesday, June 8, 1677, in the mission chapel near Point St. Ignace, at the head of what is called East Moran Bay. There they were discovered September 3, 1877 by Very Rev. E. Jacker, and a monument was erected at the spot. Part of the remains, however, were removed, and some of the precious relics are carefully guarded in Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Two Marquette Observances. Announced. The present year, 1923, being the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first journey of Father Marquette down the Mississippi and up the Illinois Rivers will be observed by various ceremonies and celebrations. Already two have been announced. On the 8th of August exercises will be held by the State Council of the Knights of Columbus on the Mississippi River near Quincy. The exact nature of the celebration has not yet been settled upon, but it is to be appropriate to the occasion. On the 15th of August a bronze monument will be begun at the Harrison Technical High School, Chicago. This memorial will contain the figure of Father Marquette in the center of the group, Joliet to the right and Chicagou, the great Algonquin chief, to the left. The monument is being erected by the Chicago Art Institute and will rise near the site of Marquette and Joliet's itinerary down the Chicago River in August, 1673. Most Reverend George William Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, will be invited to deliver the principal address..

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Illinois Catholic Historical Society was held in the Quigley Memorial Seminary, December 11, 1922.

The regular date of the annual meeting is December 4th, fixed in commemoration of the landing of Father Marquette from Lake Michigan at the mouth of the Chicago River, then located at what is now the foot of Madison Street, on December 4, 1674.

This date is very close also to the anniversary of the admission of the State of Illinois into the Union, viz., December 3rd, and on former occasions the program has been more or less devoted to a commemoration of the admission.

The meeting was preceded by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the beautiful chapel of the seminary. After this impressive ceremony the members assembled in the auditorium to enjoy the program, which had been prepared by the committee in charge.

Reverend Frederick Siedenburgh, S. J., president of the Illinois Catholic Historical Society, opened the meeting with a brief and characteristic address of welcome, in which he congratulated the members on their interest in the affairs of the Society, called their attention to the growth of the organization, and gave a detailed account of its financial condition.

Father Siedenburgh introduced Rt. Rev. Monseignor Francis A. Purcell, who expressed the regret of Archbishop Mundelein that a bad cold prevented his attendance. In the name of the archbishop Mgr. Purcell commended the society for its excellent work, and assured the members of His Grace's interest in its future.

Mr. P. J. Lucey, former Attorney-General of Illinois, told of the valuable work which the society was doing in bringing to light the important part played by Catholics in the history of Illinois and the Middle West.

Rev. George T. McCarthy spoke most eloquently on the subject, "History Is Basic and Fundamental."

The editor of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, Mr. Joseph J. Thompson, spoke on "Father Marquette and the Illinois

Country." This is a topic in which Mr. Thompson is particularly interested and he succeeded in the short time at his disposal in making such a selection of materials that his account was noticeably well balanced and vital.

At the close of this address Judge Michael F. Girten offered a resolution that The Illinois Catholic Historical Society urge the due and proper observance of the 250th anniversary of Father Marquette's labors in Illinois.

At the close of the meeting the president, Father Siedenburger, noticing in the audience Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, president of the Illinois State Historical Society and a member of The Illinois Catholic Historical Society, asked him to say a few words.

Dr. Schmidt offered his congratulations on the growth of the Society, and the excellence of its work. He called attention to the fact that if Catholic history in Illinois has been somewhat slighted in the Centennial publications, it was due to the fact that the material was not available. He expressed his belief that Catholics themselves were somewhat to blame for not co-operating more actively to get the Catholic history of the state into print. It was for this reason, he said, that he welcomed the foundation of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, and hoped for its success.

MARGARET MADDEN,
Secretary.

HISTORY IS BASIC AND FUNDAMENTAL

(Address of Rev. George T. McCarthy at Fifth Annual Meeting of the Illinois Catholic Historical Society.)

The first use I desire to make of the invitation so graciously accorded me by your worthy committee to share with you the pleasure and the inspiration of this occasion shall be to declare my deep appreciation of the honor. Any occasion having to do with that department of science—History—which Bacon reminds us "makes men wise, as Reading maketh a full man, and Logic able to contend," must of necessity be worth while. Defined as the narrative of past events for the instruction of mankind, there was need of it in the days of Hamurabi and Mores, of Herodotus and Plutarch as there is need of it today and ever must be need of it; and the *raison d'etre* of its need is found in the fact that it is by nature basic and elemental;

essentially concerned with source forces, held and shared by men in common, as drink from a common fountain, air from a common sky.

The first page of Genesis is both Revelation and History; it indicates basically the origin of all creatures; it lays the foundation to the whole super-structure of human endeavor; and he who would fail to grasp the facts of creation therein religiously revealed and historically affirmed, remains, to that extent, without the pale of life's intelligible understanding. Arbitrarily distort that basic page by one jot or tittle; read into it any meaning unsanctioned by Truth; do violence to that Fountain head; and you divert, into alien and unhallowed channels, the whole stream of human life.

Essentially a testator, a witness, a giver of evidence, history derives its sanction from known facts. The historian, or he who serves in the sanctuary of History, must be pre-eminently truthful and well-informed. His vocation is second only to the Priesthood. He must speak "*sicut habens auctoritatem*," himself "mindful of his solemn charge." He must never for a single moment forget that he is a witness, a *relator of facts*. Neither dare he confound certain known facts with speculative opinion. Criticism is not History. The first element of a scientific history, indeed, is that it should be set out by wise, clear-sighted and impartial criticism. Private opinion, however brilliant and illuminating it may be, is not to be confounded with History: though they are companionable subjects, Criticism and History must ever remain distinct.

Our Courts of Law require that he who would testify in evidence, must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is required that he not only bear witness to actually personally known reality, but, as well, that he suppress nothing that might reasonably modify it, or add anything that might alter it. Surely as much should be expected of the historian! Neither shall he dare to bear false witness against his neighbor, nor shall he, for any reason, personal or otherwise, leave out or add to a single word, sentence or inference that might reasonably influence any conclusion unwarranted by fact.

Now precisely because certain pseudo historians, especially since the Reformation period, have, in this manner, offended; have substituted personal speculative opinion for historical fact; so eminent an historian as Count de Maistre has said: "The history of the last three centuries is a general conspiracy against the truth;" and the late illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII, declared: "Now, if ever, it may justly be said, that the art of writing history would seem to be a conspiracy against the truth."

That the history of the Church should have been singled out for misrepresentation by her opponents need not surprise us. Christ foretold that His Church would be persecuted—a sign that would be contradicted. “If you had been of the world, the world would love its own.” (John XV.) For purposes of persecution, the pen is fully as destructive as the sword.

Various examples, taken from current English literature, strikingly illustrate a few of the crimes committed, in the name of History, against the Catholic Church, or her children. In most instances the historian cleverly avoids any direct charge against her. He is shrewd enough to appreciate that such a course would be easily detected, and in enlightened communities, promptly refuted. Rather does he employ the indirect manner of attack—suppression of material evidence, insinuation, innuendo, distortion of fact or motive. Thus Prescott (Ferdinand and Isabella, page 364) having employed Llorente as his material witness in effort to lay the blame for the sanguinary Spanish Inquisition at the door of the Catholic Church, withholds, to an obscure addenda note, unnoticed by the average reader, the statement: “Llorente, after all, is not very trustworthy.” The Encyclopedia Britannica, in its article, “Missions to the Heathens,” page 515, conspicuously withholds mention of *Catholic* activity. While giving in elaborate detail, fulsome praise to non-Catholic Evangelization work, it passes over in comparative silence, the surpassingly splendid service our Holy Mother the Church has rendered this noble cause in every age and to every people.

Numerous examples, drawn from the historical development of Illinois, are impressively illuminating. Approaching the centennial celebration of the entry into the Union of our State, the Legislature authorized the creation of a Commission to prepare and write a suitable History of Illinois; appropriating generously to cover the expense entailed. This literary work, in elaborate form, is now complete and on the shelves of our libraries. On the important subject of “Education” in the State, while elaborate details are recorded setting forth non-Catholic activities in this regard, practically no mention is made of the splendid contribution made to Education by Catholics. Nothing is said concerning the four universities, six seminaries, fifty-three colleges and academies, twenty-seven high schools, five hundred eight parochial having an enrollment of over 200,000. No mention is made of the fact that the very building used to house our first State Legislature at Vandalia, 1818-1820, had been the first college, erected and conducted by the Jesuits over one hundred years

before. Omission of facts so pertinent to the subject of Education reflects, to say the least, little credit on the research work of the compilers of the State History. Complaint is frequently made that the State of Virginia has been conspicuously neglectful of the memory and services of her distinguished men; but what has Illinois done for certain outstanding sons we here may recall?

"Clarum et Venerabile," the name of Marquette, first white man to come to her borders! Yet in all the State we find no city, or river bearing his name. It remained for Wisconsin to erect a monument to his memory at Washington. Tonti, heroic Italian, who stood firm in the forefront of civilization when wilderness was king! Father Gibault, first to champion the cause of American freedom and greet, at Old Kaskaskia, the forces of George Rogers Clark. Surely these are names worthy of our State's remembrance; and to pass them over in silence is a suppression of historic fact execrable in the extreme.

Another Catholic name and memory that has been and is today unjustly treated by pseudo historians, is Commodore John Barry, Father of the American Navy. While the name of John Paul Jones has been conspicuously receiving the highest and foremost measure of praise, in certain current literature, for distinguished Naval service, as a matter of fact and authentic historical record John Barry's record and service for the United States is far more brilliant and meritorious. Jones was in command of but one American ship in actual combat with the enemy, the "Bon Homme Richard," whereas Barry commanded five different ships in actual engagement, "the Lexington," "Effingham," "Raleigh," "Delaware," and "Alliance." Where Jones captured, while thus engaged, but one ship, the "Serapis," Barry captured ten, the "Roebuck," "Edward," "Experiment," "Unicorn," "Harlem," "Mars," "Minerva," "Atlanta," "Trepassy," and "Sybille." Jones never did belong to the United States Navy as now organized, having resigned before 1789 and joined the Russian Navy. Barry, on the other hand, was constantly in our naval service from 1775 to the administration of President Jefferson in 1802. Moreover, he was the first commissioned and ranking officer, not only of the Continental but of the United States Navy. Yet with all this truly meritorious service to the credit of Barry what do we find? By Act of Congress there was erected last year in the National Cemetery at Arlington an impressive Colonnade memorializing our fourteen greatest naval heroes. Be it to our national shame to record that among all those fourteen the name of

Barry is not so much as mentioned! Surely the time is at hand for all honest citizens of the Republic, without distinction of creed or class, to unite in protest against such patent unmerited discrimination. If we are to have History, let those who write it be made to realize, that, before the bar of Truth, they shall not bear false witness against their neighbor; that they shall tell the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

MISCELLANY

SACRED SPOTS IN ILLINOIS

Even our non-Catholic brethren have come to agree with us that the places where the earliest white men visited within our borders are at least places of great note, and indeed some such have gone much farther than Catholics themselves have been able to do; that is, they have either provided or offered funds for the marking of many of these historic places.

For the Catholics especially there are several places within the present boundaries of Illinois that are of peculiar interest. Without dwelling upon all of them, but taking in chronological order a few of the most notable, it may be pointed out that there is no doubt of the fact that Father James Marquette, S. J., landed at the mouth of the Chicago River, which was then about where the end of Madison Street would be if it were carried forward to the lake front, at least some point on what we now know as Grant Park, in Chicago. The date of the landing of the great apostle and missionary was December 4, 1674. There is no doubt but that he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass there several times during his stay of seven days. There is no doubt that he traversed the course of the Illinois River, although it was frozen over with six inches of ice, up to the forks of the river, thence southwesterly along the southern branch for a distance of two leagues from the mouth. There is no doubt that he remained at a point two leagues from the lake in a cabin during the remainder of December and all of January, February and March, 1675, and that he celebrated Mass there every day, and completed a novena prior to February 9, 1675.

From this point he proceeded to a point corresponding to the site of the modern city of Utica in La Salle County, and there, on the 11th of April, 1675, established the Catholic Church of Illinois, and named the first mission The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

So much for Father Marquette and the northeastern part of the state.

Amongst important events, such as are highly deserving of commemoration, may be mentioned the martyrdom of Father Gabriel de Ribourde, a recollet Franciscan, at a point near Morris, Illinois. Father Ribourde, accompanied Robert Cavalier Sieur de La Salle, on his first journey through Illinois, and remaining in company with

Henri de Tonti and Father Zenobe Membre, he with his two companions was driven away by the Indians from the village of the Illinois, and obliged to escape in a canoe. After rowing up the river from a point near what is now known as Starved Rock, about eight leagues, the boat became leaky, and its occupants were obliged to land. While Fathers Membre and Tonti were repairing the canoe Father Ribourde, who was a man near eighty years of age, wandered off reading his breviary; was attacked by a band of Kickapoo Indians, and killed, the first to shed his blood for the Faith in Illinois. A memorial is due the memory of this devoted missionary, and the scene of his death should be a situs of pious pilgrimage.

The first structures used for Christian ministrations in Illinois in their order were a cabin on the lake front at the foot of Madison Street, occupied as a residence and church by Father Marquette; another cabin two leagues up the Chicago River at a point corresponding to the junction of Robey Street and the drainage canal; a chapel on the summit of what has now become known as Starved Rock, in which Claude Jean Allouez, S. J., Father James Gravier, S. J., Father Julien Bineteau, S. J., Father Francois Pinet, S. J., and Father Pierre Gabriel Marest, S. J., besides others, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass during the years from 1675 to 1700.

In the year 1699 a chapel was built at what is now Cahokia, under the direction of Father Francois Pinet, S. J., amongst the Cahokia and Tamaroa tribes of the Indians. This was a flourishing establishment and continued amongst the Indians and for the French settlers all through the missionary period. A very interesting fact in connection with this establishment is that it still exists under the name originally given it; that is, the Mission, Church of the Holy Family. Further interest is added to this establishment in the fact that a church built in missionary times during the years 1796 to 1799, still stands a substantial and pleasing structure, no doubt the oldest standing structure in the Mississippi valley. Still greater interest attaches to this foundation in the greatness of the holy men who ministered there. After the Jesuits a long line of priests of the Foreign Missions from the Seminary of Quebec had charge. Then came members of the distinguished band of Jesuit missionaries. After these two of the most successful of the Sulpitians who labored in the west, Rev. Michael Levadoux and Rev. Gabriel Richard. Both of these great Divines labored in the building of the church now standing in Cahokia, and both afterwards became very distinguished.

Father Richard, who remained longest, had a unique career. He began his labors in Illinois, but was transferred to Detroit, and be-

came the virtual leader of that center of settlement and civilization. He was an eminently public spirited man, and was so popular with the public as to be elected to Congress, the only Catholic priest ever bearing that distinction. He was also the founder and promoter of education in the region which became the state of Michigan. He brought to Detroit from the east the first printing press that was ever used west of the Allegheny Mountains, and published the first publications in that territory. He was one of the founders and a regent of the University of Michigan, and undoubtedly did more for education and civilization than any other man had accomplished up to his time in that region.

Father Richard's picture, made from an original likeness, hangs on the wall of the old church at Cahokia beside that of Rev. Pierre Gibault, the patriot priest of the west, the man to whom the United States owes the vast district comprised in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Father Gibault, too, ministered in this church, but his place of residence was at Kaskaskia, a point even more notable and more sacred, if possible, than Cahokia. Unfortunately, however, the site of Kaskaskia has been swept away by the ravages of the Mississippi River, and the Church of the Immaculate Conception, founded by Father Marquette, and transferred to and existing in Kaskaskia for more than one hundred years, has been moved farther south to higher ground beyond the dangers of the Mississippi torrents.

It is due the memory of the devoted men who established these foundations and a proper mark of respect that Catholics especially should visit them, and in the atmosphere of religion, which the founders created, visitors should imbibe something of the spirit which animated them, to make life sweeter, to create a better world, and to work out our eternal salvation.

MONK'S MOUND

In an article contributed to the Washington, D. C., Post, William H. Francis says: The 80 or more earthen mounds scattered over a 500 acre tract in the Cahokia district in Madison and St. Clair counties in Illinois, a short distance across the Mississippi River from St. Louis, have begun to yield up to science their story of a North American people who lived and vanished in the vague mists of long, long ago.

The record is a fascinating one of the trade, art and agriculture of the men who inhabited the Mississippi Valley prior to the supremacy of the Indians who greeted the discoverer, De Soto, and the later Jesuit explorers. Hints of the story have been obtained before, in explorations of mounds in Ohio and Illinois and in almost forgotten attempts to fathom the mystery of the Cahokia mounds. But now a comprehensive expedition to this metropolis of the mound builders is beginning to get results that will be written into history.

Prof. Warren K. Moorehead, Massachusetts' archaeologist, is in charge of the expedition, which is being financed by the University of Illinois and watched with interest by the Smithsonian Institution and other scientific organizations. He made his preliminary investigation last fall, digging through one mound to determine that it was composed of strata of various kinds of earth arranged by human hands, and has just completed some spring excavations, which have revealed wonders of the culture of this forgotten race. The diggers will return this fall and again in other seasons for it will take ten years, probably, to reveal the epic of a people who brought conch shells from the sea, obsidian from the Yellowstone, mica from the Alleghanies, copper from the Great Lakes and flint from Missouri.

During five weeks of work just completed, Dr. Moorehead unearthed 3 cemeteries, 52 skeletons, 23 funeral jars and urns, countless small art objects and implements of peace and war, and, most important, an altar; 6 mounds were penetrated. The altar was in the center of the base of one of the mounds. The mound has a diameter of about 160 feet, and was about 24 feet high. The altar is a basin-like structure of baked clay, about 18 inches in diameter, its sides being 3 inches thick. It was filled with ashes—the nature of which has not been determined.

A similar altar was found during the preliminary work last fall, and others have been unearthed in other mounds in other sections of the country. It is the theory of Dr. Moorehead that the mound builders used these altars in connection with ceremonial rites. They were inserted, as this one was, in a large platform of fire-baked clay,

evidently a dance floor, and when their ceremonial usefulness was ended they were covered with earth—hence the mounds.

One of the skeletons has been turned over to Washington University here to be examined in an effort to determine its age, sex and physical characteristics. Generally speaking, the skulls which have been found show that the mound builders were a powerful race physically, and with large brain cavities, but with the protruding lower jaw, usually associated with animal cunning and cruelty. The ashes found in the basin also will be submitted to chemical analysis.

Dr. Moorehead declares that the pottery fragments which he has found indicate beyond doubt that the women of the mound builders had developed a ceramic art higher than that achieved by any other prehistoric mound builders north of the cliff dwellers of the Southwest. The fragments uncovered in the mounds were scooped up by the Indian women as they filled their baskets to carry to the mounds.

The largest of the Cahokia mounds, known as Monk's Mound, because of the fact that Trappist monks built a monastery on its summit, is larger than the great pyramid of the Cheops in Egypt. It is nearly 1,000 feet in diameter and more than 100 feet high. It covers more than 16 acres of ground and contains more than 84,000,000 cubic yards of earth. It has been estimated that, with modern machinery, it would require more than two years for 2,500 men to build it. And the Indian women, who carried every bit of this earth in baskets, "toted" only a peck or two at a time.

Dr. Moorehead will not enter into any discussion of the age of the skeletons and implements he has found. He has indicated, however, that he does not believe they are 1,000 years old.

Whenever it was—400 years ago, 700, 1,000—squas gave dinner parties then, just as they do nowadays. A few days ago five white men, digging near Cahokia Creek, in the vicinity of one of the mounds, uncovered evidence supporting this assertion. It had once been a venison dinner, its centerpiece a young deer killed a day or two before. The cooking pot was a big earthenware vessel with flaring rim suspended over a charcoal fire, with thongs of green hide fastened to earthenware ears in the rim of the pot. All around the fire, in front of a wigwam, were household utensils. When the white men uncovered the spot, the broken cooking pots still were there, but the hide thongs had turned to dust. The charcoal from the fire was scattered among the broken pots. The bones from the venison stew were where they had fallen. But there were no human bones. Evidently the diners had departed hurriedly. The mound builders had no written language, and they left no note behind in explanation.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO

On May 17th, two hundred and fifty years ago, Rev. James Marquette, S. J., and Louis Jolliet started on a trip which resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers and in the planting of the Church in mid-America. Father Marquette wrote an account of his journey and because this year is the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that journey and we are living in the very region visited by Father Marquette we are reproducing Marquette's Journal and urge all readers of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW to its study.

FATHER MARQUETTE'S JOURNAL

The day of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, whom I had always invoked since I have been in this Ottawa country, to obtain of God the grace to be able to visit the nations on the river Mississippi, was identically that on which M. Jolliet arrived with orders of the Comte de Frontenac, our governor, and M. Talon, our intendent, to make this discovery with me. I was the more enraptured at this good news, as I saw my designs on the point of being accomplished, and myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these nations, and particularly for the Illinois who had, when I was at Lapointe du St. Esprit, very earnestly entreated me to carry the word of God to their country.

We were not long in preparing our outfit, although we were embarking on a voyage the duration of which we could not foresee. Indian corn, with some dried meat, was our whole stock of provisions. With this we set out in two bark canoes, M. Jolliet, myself, and five men, firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise.

It was on the 17th of May, 1673, that we started from the mission of St. Ignatius at Michilimackinac, where I then was. Our joy at being chosen for this expedition roused our courage, and sweetened the labor of rowing from morning till night. As we were going to seek unknown countries, we took all possible precaution, that, if our enterprise was hazardous, it should not be foolhardy: for this reason we gathered all possible information from Indians who had frequented those parts, and even from their accounts traced a map of all the new country, marking down the rivers on which we were to sail, the names of the nations and places through which we were to pass, the course of the great river, and what direction we should take when we got to it.

Above all, I put our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her, that if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of conception; and that I would also give that name to the first mission which I should establish among those new nations, as I have actually done among the Illinois.

With all these precautions, we made our paddles play merrily over a part of Lake Huron and that of the Illinois into the Bay of the Fetid. (Green Bay.)

WILD OATS IN INDIANA

The first nation that we met was that of Wild Oats. I entered their river to visit them, as we have preached the gospel to these tribes some years past, so that there are many good Christians among them.

The wild oats, from which they take their name, as they are found in their country, are a kind of grass which grows spontaneously in little rivers with slimy bottoms, and in marshy places; they are very like the wild oats that grow up among our wheat. The ears are on stalks knotted at intervals; they rise above the water about the month of June, and keep rising till they float about two feet above it. The grain is not thicker than our oats, but is as long again, so that the meal is much more abundant.

The following is the manner in which the Indians gather it and prepare it for eating. In the month of September, which is the proper time for this harvest, they go in canoes across these fields of wild oats, and shake the ears on their right and left into the canoe as they advance; the grain falls easily if it is ripe, and in a little while their provision is made. To clear it from the chaff, and strip it of a pellicle in which it is enclosed, they put it to dry in the smoke of a wooden lattice, under which they keep up a small fire for several days. When the oats are well dried, they put them in a skin of the form of a bag, which is then forced into a hole made on purpose in the ground; then they tread it out so long and so well, that the grain being freed from the chaff is easily winnowed; after which they pound it to reduce it to meal, or even unpounded, boil it in water seasoned with grease, and in this way, wild oats are almost as palatable as rice would be when not seasoned.

I informed these people of the Wild Oats of my design of going to discover distant nations to instruct them in the mysteries of our Holy Religion; they were very much surprised, and did their best to dissuade me. They told me, that I would meet nations that never

spare strangers, but tomohawk them without any provocation; that the war which had broken out among various nations on our route, exposed us to another evident danger—that of being killed by the war-parties which are constantly in the field; that the Great River is very dangerous, unless the difficult parts are known; that it was full of frightful monsters who swallowed up men and canoes together; that there is even a demon there who can be heard from afar, who stops the passage and engulfs all who dare approach; lastly, that the heat is so excessive in those countries, that it would infallibly cause our death.

I thanked them for their kind advice, but assured them that I could not follow it, as the salvation of souls was concerned; that for them, I should be too happy to lay down my life; that I made light of their pretended demon, that we would defend ourselves well enough against the river-monsters; and, besides, we should be on our guard to avoid the other dangers with which they threatened us. After having made them pray and given them some instructions, I left them, and, embarking in our canoes, we soon after reached the extremity of the Bay of the Fetid, where our Fathers labor successfully in the conversion of these tribes, having baptized more than two thousand since they have been there.

This bay bears a name which has not so bad a meaning in the Indian language, for they call it rather Salt Bay than Fetid Bay, although among them it is almost the same, and this is also the name which they give to the sea. This induced us to make very exact researches to discover whether there were not in these parts some salt springs, as there are among the Iroquois, but we could not find any. We accordingly concluded that the name has been given on account of the quantity of slime and mud there, constantly exhaling noisome vapors which cause the loudest and longest peals of thunder that I ever heard.

The bay is about thirty leagues long, and eight wide at its mouth; it narrows gradually to the extremity; where it is easy to remark the tide which has its regular flow and ebb, almost like that of the sea. This is not the place to examine whether they are real tides, whether they are caused by the winds, or by some other age; whether there are winds, outriders of the moon, or attached to her suite, who consequently agitate the like and give it a kind of flow and ebb, whenever the moon rises above the horizon. What I can certainly aver is, that when the water is quite tranquil, you can easily see it rise and fall with the course of the moon, although I do not deny that this

movement may be caused by distant winds, which pressing on the center of the lake, make it rise and fall on the shore in the way that meets our eyes.

ON THE FOX RIVER

We left this bay to enter a river emptying into it. It is very beautiful at its mouth, and flows gently; it is full of bustards, ducks, teal, and other birds, attracted by the wild oats of which they are very fond, but when you have advanced a little up the river, it becomes very difficult, both on account of the currents and of the sharp rocks which cut the canoes and the feet of those who are obliged to drag them, especially when the water is low. For all that we passed the rapids safely, and as we approached Machkoutens, the Fire nation, I had the curiosity to drink the mineral waters of the river which is not far from this town. I also took time to examine an herb, the virtue of which an Indian, who possessed the secret, had, with many ceremonies, made known to Father Alloues. Its root is useful against the bite of serpents, the Almighty having been pleased to give this remedy against a poison very common in the country. It is very hot, and has the taste of powder when crushed between the teeth. It must be chewed and put on the bite of the serpent. Snakes have such an antipathy to it, that they fly from one rubbed with it. It produces several stalks about a foot long, with pretty long leaves, and a white flower, much like the gillyflower. I put some into my canoe to examine it at leisure, while we kept on our way toward Maskoutens, where we arrived on the 7th of June.

THE MASKOUTEN INDIANS

Here we are then at Maskoutens. This word in Algonquin, means Fire nation, and that is the name given to them. This is the limit of the discoveries made by the French, for they have not yet passed beyond it.

This town is made up of three nations gathered here, Miamis, Maskoutens, and Kikabous. The first are more civil, liberal, and better made; they wear two long ear-locks, which give them a good appearance; they have the name of being warriors and seldom send out war parties in vain; they are very docile, listen quietly to what you tell them, and showed themselves so eager to hear Father Alloues when he was instructing them, that they gave him little rest, even at night. The Maskoutens and Kikabous are ruder and more like peasants, compared to the others.

As bark for cabins is rare in this country, they use rushes, which serve them for walls and roof, but which are no great shelter against the wind, and still less against the rain when it falls in torrents. The advantage of this kind of cabins is that they can roll them up, and carry them easily where they like in hunting-time.

When I visited them, I was extremely consoled to see a beautiful cross planted in the midst of the town, adorned with several white skins, red belts, bows and arrows, which these good people had offered to the Great Manitou (such is the name they give to God) to thank him for having had pity on them during the winter, giving them plenty of game when they were in great dread of famine.

I felt no little pleasure in beholding the position of this town; the view is beautiful and very picturesque, for from the eminence on which it is perched, the eye discovers on every side prairies spreading away beyond its reach, interspersed with thickets or groves of lofty trees. The soil is very good, producing much corn; the Indians gather also quantities of plums and grapes, from which good wine could be made, if they chose.

No sooner had we arrived than M. Jolliet and I assembled the Sachems; he told them that he was sent by our governor to discover new countries, and I, by the Almighty, to illumine them with the light of the gospel; that the Sovereign Master of our lives wished to be known by all nations, and that to obey his will, I did not fear death, to which I exposed myself in such dangerous voyages; that we needed two guides to put us on our way, these, making them a present, we begged them to grant us. This they did very civilly, and even proceeded to speak to us by a present, which was a mat to serve us as a bed on our voyage.

The next day, which was the tenth of June, two Miamis whom they had given us as guides, embarked with us, in the sight of a great crowd, who could wonder enough to see seven Frenchmen alone in two canoes, dare to undertake so strange and so hazardous an expedition.

We knew that there was, three leagues from Maskoutens, a river emptying into the Mississippi; we knew, too, that the point of the compass we were to hold to reach it, was the west-southwest; but the way is so cut up by marshes and little lakes, that it is easy to go astray, especially as the river leading to it so covered with wild oats, that you can hardly discover the channel. Hence, we had good need of our two guides, who led us safely to a portage of twenty-

seven hundred paces, and helped us to transport our canoes to enter this river, after which they returned, leaving us alone in an unknown country, in the hands of Providence.

ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER

We now leave the waters which flow to Quebec, a distance of four or five hundred leagues, to follow those which will henceforth lead us into strange lands. Before embarking, we all began together a new devotion to the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, which we practiced every day, addressing her particular prayers to put under her protection both our persons and the success of our voyage. Then after having encouraged one another, we got into our canoes. The river on which we embarked is called Meskousing; it is very broad, with a sandy bottom, forming many shallows, which render navigation very difficult. It is full of vine-clad islets. On the banks appear fertile lands diversified with wood, prairie, and hill. Here you find oaks, walnut, whitewood, and another kind of tree with branches armed with long thorns. We saw no small game or fish, but deer and moose in considerable numbers.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Our route was southwest, and after sailing about thirty leagues, we perceived a place which had all the appearance of an iron mine, and in fact, one of our party who had seen some before, averred that the one we had found was very good and very rich. It is covered with three feet of good earth, very near a chain of rock, whose base is covered with fine timber. After forty leagues on this same route, we reached the mouth of our river, and finding ourselves at $42\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north, we safely entered the Mississippi on the 17th of June, with a joy that I can not express.

Here then we are on this renowned river, of which I have endeavored to remark attentively all the peculiarities. The Mississippi River has its source in several lakes in the country of the nations to the north; it is narrow at the mouth of the Miskousing; its current, which runs south, is slow and gentle; on the right is a considerable chain of very high mountains, and on the left fine lands; it is in many places studded with islands. On sounding, we have found ten fathoms of water. Its breadth is very unequal; it is sometimes three-quarters of a league. and sometimes narrows in to three arpents (22 yards). We gently follow its course, which bears south and south-east till the forty-second degree. Here we perceive that the whole

face is changed ; there is now almost no wood or mountain, the islands are more beautiful and covered with finer trees ; we see nothing but deer and moose, bustards and wingless swans, for they shed their plumes in this country. From time to time we meet monstrous fish, one of which struck so violently against our canoe, that I took it for a large tree about to knock us to pieces. Another time we perceived on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wild-cat's, a beard and ears erect, a grayish head and neck all black. We saw no more of them. On casting our nets, we have taken sturgeon and a very extraordinary kind of fish ; it resembles a trout with this difference, that it has a larger mouth, but smaller eyes and snout. Near the latter is a large bone, like a woman's busk, three fingers wide, and a cubit long ; the end is circular and as wide as the hand. In leaping out of the water the weight of this often throws it back.

BUFFALO

Having descended as far as 41 degrees, 28 min., following the same direction, we find that turkeys have taken the place of game, and the pisikitus, or wild cattle, that of other beasts. We call them wild cattle, because they are like our domestic cattle ; they are not longer, but almost as big again, and more corpulent ; our men having killed one, three of us had considerable trouble in moving it. The head is very large, the forehead flat and a foot and a half broad between the horns, which are exactly like those of our cattle, except that they are black and much larger. Under the neck there is a kind of large crop hanging down, and on the back a pretty high hump. The whole head, the neck, and part of the shoulders, are covered with a great mane like a horse's ; it is a crest a foot long, which renders them hideous, and falling over their eyes, prevents their seeing before them. The rest of the body is covered with a coarse curly hair like the wool of our sheep, but much stronger and thicker. It falls in summer, and the skin is then as soft as velvet. At this time the Indians employ the skins to make beautiful robes, which they paint of various colors ; the flesh and fat of the Pisikious are excellent, and constitute the best dish in banquets. They are very fierce, and not a year passes without their killing some Indian. When attacked, they take a man with their horns, if they can, lift him up, and then dash him on the ground, trample on him, and kill him. When you fire at them from a distance with gun or bow, you must throw yourself on the ground as soon as you fire, and hide in the grass ; for, if they perceive the one who fired, they rush on him and attack him. As their feet are large and rather short, they do not generally go very fast, except when they are irri-

tated. They are scattered over the prairies like herds of cattle. I have seen a band of four hundred.

We advanced constantly, but as we did not know where we were going, having already made more than a hundred leagues without having discovered anything but beasts and birds, we kept well on our guard. Accordingly we make only a little fire on the shore at night to prepare our meal, and after supper keep as far off from it as possible, passing the night in our canoes, which we anchor in the river pretty far from the bank. Even this did not prevent one of us being always as a sentinel for fear of a surprise.

Proceeding south and south-southwest, we find ourselves at 41 degrees north; then 40 degrees and some minutes, partly by southeast and partly by southwest, after having advanced more than sixty leagues since entering the river, without discovering anything.

AT THE PEORIA INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE DES MOINES RIVER

At last, on the 25th of June, we perceived footprints of men by the water-side, and a beaten path entering a beautiful prairie. We stopped to examine it, and concluding that it was a path leading to some Indian village, we resolved to go and reconnoitre; we accordingly left our two canoes in charge of our people, cautioning them strictly to beware of a surprise; then M. Jolliet and I undertook this rather hazardous discovery for two single men, who thus put themselves at the discretion of an unknown and barbarous people. We followed the little path in silence, and having advanced about two leagues, we discovered a village on the banks of the river, and two others on a hill, half a league from the former. Then, indeed, we recommended ourselves to God, with all our hearts; and, having implored his help, we passed on undiscovered, and came so near that we even heard the Indians talking. We then deemed it time to announce ourselves, as we did by a cry, which we raised with all our strength, and then halted without advancing any further. At this cry the Indians rushed out of their cabins, and having probably recognized us as French, especially seeing a black gown, or at least having no reason to distrust us, seeing we were but two, and had made known our coming, they deputed four old men to come and speak with us. Two carried tobacco-pipes well adorned, and trimmed with many kinds of feathers. They marched slowly, lifting their pipes toward the sun, as if offering them to him to smoke, but yet without uttering a single word. They were a long time coming the little way from the village to us. Having reached us at last, they

stopped to consider us attentively. I now took courage, seeing these ceremonies, which are used by them only with friends, and still more on seeing them covered with stuffs, which made me judge them to be allies. I, therefore, spoke to them first, and asked them who they were; they answered that they were Illinois and, in token of peace, they presented their pipes to smoke. Then they invited us to their village where all the tribe awaited us with impatience. These pipes for smoking are called in the country calumets, a word that is so much in use, that I shall be obliged to employ it in order to be understood, as I shall have to speak it frequently.

At the door of the cabin in which we were to be received, was an old man awaiting us in a very remarkable posture; which is their usual ceremony in receiving strangers. This man was standing, perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised toward the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which nevertheless passed through his fingers to his face. When we came near him he paid us this compliment: "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us. All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." He then took us into his, where there was a crowd of people, who devoured us with their eyes, but kept profound silence. We heard, however, these words occasionally addressed to us: "Well done, brothers, to visit us."

As soon as we had taken our places, they showed us the usual civility of the country, which is to present the calumet. You must not refuse it, unless you would pass for an enemy, or at least for being impolite. It is, however, enough to pretend to smoke. While all the men smoked after us to honor us, some came to invite us on behalf of the great sachem of all the Illinois to proceed to his town, where he wished to hold a council with us. We went with a good retinue, for all the people who had never seen a Frenchman among them could not tire looking at us; they threw themselves on the grass by the wayside, they ran ahead, then turned and walked back to see us again. All this was done without noise, and with marks of a great respect entertained for us.

THE MEETING DESCRIBED BY LONGFELLOW IN "HIAWATHA"

Having arrived at the great sachem's town, we espied him at his cabin-door, between two old men, all three standing naked, with their calumet turned to the sun. He harangued us in few words, to congratulate us on our arrival, and then presented us his calumet and made us smoke; at the same time we entered his cabin, when we re-

ceived all their usual greetings. Seeing all assembled and in silence, I spoke to them by four presents which I made: by the first, I said that we marched in peace to visit the nations on the river to the sea; by the second, I declared to them that God their Creator had pity on them, since, after their having been so long ignorant of him, he wished to become known to all naitons; that I was sent on His behalf with this design; that it was for them to acknowledge and obey Him; by the third, that the great chief of the French informed them that he spread peace everywhere, and had overcome the Iroquois. Lastly, by the fourth, we begged them to give us all the information they had of the sea, and of the nations through which we should have to pass to reach it.

When I had finished my speech, the sachem rose, and laying his hands on the head of a little slave, whom he was about to give us, spoke thus: "I thank thee, Blackgown, and thee, Frenchman," addressing M. Jollyinget, "for taking so much pains to come and visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright, as today; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed; nor has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it today. Here is my son, that I give thee, that thou mayst know my heart. I pray thee take pity on me and all my nations. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all; thou speakest to him and hearest his word; ask him to give me life and health, and come and dwell with us, that we may know him." Saying this, he placed the little slave near us, and made us a second present, an all-mysterious calumet, which they value more than a slave; by this present he showed us his esteem for our governor, after the account we had given him; by the third, he begged us, on behalf of his whole nation, not to proceed further, on account of the great dangers to which we exposed ourselves.

I replied, that I did not fear death, and that I esteemed no happiness greater than that of losing my life for the glory of Him who made all. But these poor people could not understand.

The council was followed by a great feast which consisted of four courses, which we had to take with all their ways; the first course was a great wooden dish full of Sagamity, that is to say, of Indian meal boiled in water and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies, with a spoonful of sagamity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we would do with a little child; he did the same to M. Jollyinget. For the second course, he brought in a second dish contain-

ing three fish; he took some pains to remove the bones, and having blown upon it to cool it, put it in my mouth, as we would food to a bird; for the third course, they produced a large dog, which they had just killed, but learning that we did not eat it, it was withdrawn. Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild ox, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths.

After this feast we had to visit the whole village, which consists of full three hundred cabins. While we marched through the streets, an orator was constantly haranguing to oblige all to see us without being troublesome; we were everywhere presented with belts, garters, and other articles made of the hair of the bear and wild cattle, dyed red, yellow, and gray. These are their rareties; but not being of consequence, we did not burthen ourselves with them.

We slept in the sachem's cabin, and the next day took leave of him, promising to pass back through his town in four moons. He escorted us to our canoes with nearly six hundred persons, who saw us embark, evincing in every possible way the pleasure our visit had given them. On taking leave, I personally promised that I would return the next year to stay with them, and instruct them. But before leaving the Illinois country, it will be well to relate what I remarked of their customs and manners.

THE ILLINOIS INDIANS

To say Illinois is, in their language, to say "the men," as if other Indians compared to them were mere beasts. And it must be admitted that they have an air of humanity that we had not remarked in the other nations that we had seen on the way. The short stay I made with them did not permit me to acquire all the information I would have desired. The following is what I have remarked in their manners. They are divided into several villages, some of which are quite distant from that of which I speak, and which is called Peouarea. This produces a diversity in their language which in general has a great affinity to the Algonquin, so that we easily understood one another. They are mild and tractable in their disposition, as we experienced in the reception they gave us. They have many wives, of whom they are extremely jealous; they watch them carefully, and cut off their nose or ears when they do not behave well; I saw several who bore the marks of their infidelity. They are well formed, nimble, and very adroit in using the bow and arrow; they use guns also, which they buy of our Indian allies who trade with the French; they use them especially to terrify their enemies by the noise and smoke, the

others lying too far to the west, have never seen them, and do not know their use. They are war-like and formidable to distant nations in the south and west, where they go to carry off slaves, whom they make an article of trade, selling them at a high price to other nations for goods.

The distant nations against whom they go to war, have no knowledge of Europeans; they are acquainted with neither iron or copper, and have nothing but stone knives. When the Illinois set out on a war party, the whole village is notified by a loud cry made at the door of their huts the morning and evening before they set out. The chiefs are distinguished from the soldiers by their wearing a scarf ingeniously made of the hair of bears and wild oxen. The face is painted with red lead or ochre, which is found in great quantities a few days' journey from the village. They live by game, which is abundant in this country, and on Indian corn, of which they always gather a good crop, so that they have never suffered by famine. They also sow beans and melons, which are excellent, especially those with a red seed. Their squashes are not the best; they dry them in the sun, to eat in the winter and spring.

Their cabins are very large; they are lined and floored with rush-mats. They make all their dishes of wood, and their spoons of the bones of the buffalo, which they cut so well, that it serves them to eat their sagamity easily.

They are liberal in their maladies, and believe that the medicines given them operate in proportion to the presents they have made the medicine-man. Their only clothes are skins; their women are always dressed very modestly and decently, while the men do not take any pains to cover themselves. Through what superstition I know not, some Illinois, as well as some Nadouessi, while yet young, assume the female dress, and keep it all their life. There is some mystery about it, for they never marry, and glory in debasing themselves to do all that is done by women; yet they go to war, though allowed to use only a club, and not the bow and arrow, the peculiar arm of men; they are present at all the juggleries and solemn dances in honor of the calumet; they are permitted to sing, but not to dance; they attend the councils, and nothing can be decided without their advice; finally, by the profession of an extraordinary life, they pass for manitous (that is, for *genii*), or persons of consequence.

THE CALUMET, A PIPE

It now only remains for me to speak of the calumet, than which there is nothing among them more mysterious or more esteemed. Men

do not pay to the crowns and sceptres of kings the honor they pay to it: it seems to be the god of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death. Carry it about you and show it, and you can march fearlessly amid enemies, who even in the heat of battle lay down their arms when it is shown. Hence the Illinois gave me one, to serve as my safeguard amid all the nations that I had to pass on my voyage. There is a calumet for peace, and one for war, distinguished only by the color of the feathers with which they are adorned, red being the sign of war. They use them also for settling disputes, strengthening alliances, and speaking to strangers.

It is made of polished red stone, like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane, and pierced in the middle; it is ornamented with the head and neck of different birds of beautiful plumage; they also add large feathers of red, green, and other colors, with which it is all covered. They esteem it particularly because they regard it as the calumet of the sun; and in fact, they present it to him to smoke when they wish to obtain calm, or rain, or fair weather. They scruple to bathe at the beginning of summer, or to eat new fruits, till they have danced it. They do it thus:

THE DANCE OF THE CALUMET

The calumet dance which is very famous among these Indians, is performed only for important matters, sometimes to strengthen a peace or to assemble for some great war; at other times for a public rejoicing; sometimes they do this honor to a nation who is invited to be present; sometimes they use it to receive some important personage, as if they wished to give him the entertainment of a ball or comedy. In winter the ceremony is performed in a cabin, in summer in the open fields. They select a place, surrounded with trees, so as to be sheltered beneath their foliage against the heat of the sun. In the middle of the space they spread out a large party-colored mat of rushes; this serves as a carpet, on which to place with honor the god of the one who gives the dance; for every one has his own god, or manitou, as they call it, which is a snake, a bird, or something of the kind, which they have dreamed in their sleep, and in which they put all their trust for the success of their wars, fishing, and hunts. Near this manitou and at its right, they put the calumet in honor of which the feast is given, making around about it a kind of trophy, spreading there the arms used by the warriors of these tribes, namely, the war-club, bow, hatchet, quiver, and arrows.

Things being thus arranged, and the hour for dancing having arrived, those who are to sing take the most honorable place under the foliage. They are the men and women who have the finest voices, and who accord perfectly. The spectators then come and take their places around under the branches; but each one on arriving must salute the manitou, which he does by inhaling the smoke and then puffing it from his mouth upon it, as if offering incense. Each one goes first and takes the calumet respectfully, and supporting it with both hands, makes it dance in cadence, suiting himself to the air of the song; he makes it go through various figures, sometimes showing it to the whole assembly by turning it from side to side.

After this, he who is to begin the dance appears in the midst of the assembly, and goes first; sometimes he presents it to the sun, as if he wished it to smoke; sometimes he inclines it towards the earth; and at other times he spreads its wings as if for it to fly; at other times, he approaches it to the mouths of the spectators for them to smoke, the whole in cadence. This is the first scene of the ballet.

The second consists in a combat, to the sound of a kind of drum, which succeeds the songs, or rather joins them, harmonizing quite well. The dancer beckons to some brave to come and take the arms on the mat, and challenges him to fight to the sound of the drums; the other approaches, takes his bow and arrow, and begins a duel against the dancer who has no defence but the calumet. This spectacle is very pleasing, especially as it is always done in time, for one attacks, the other defends; one strikes, the other parries; one flies, the other pursues, then he who fled faces and puts his enemy to flight. This is all done so well with measured steps, and the regular sound of voices and drums, that it might pass for a very pretty opening of a ballet in France.

The third scene consists of a speech delivered by the holder of the calumet, for the combat being ended without bloodshed, he relates the battles he was in, the victories he has gained; he names the nations, the places, the captives he has taken, and as a reward, he who presides at the dance presents him with a beautiful beaver robe, or something else, which he received, and then he presents the calumet to another, who hands it to a third, and so to all the rest, till all having done their duty, the presiding chief presents the calumet itself to the nation invited to this ceremony in token of the eternal peace which shall reign between the two tribes.

The following is one of the songs which they are accustomed to

sing; they give it a certain expression, not easily represented by notes, yet in this all its grace consists:

“Ninahani, ninahani, ninahani,
Naniongo.”

We take our leave of our Illinois about the end of June, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and embark in sight of all the tribe, who admire our little canoes, having never seen the like.

We descend, following the course of the river, toward another called Pekitanoui, which empties into the Mississippi, coming from the northwest, of which I have something considerable to say, after I have related what I have remarked of this river.

Passing by some pretty high rocks which line the river, I perceived a plant which seemed to me very remarkable. Its root is like small turnips linked together by little fibres, which had the taste of carrots. From this root springs a leaf as wide as the hand, half of a finger thick with spots in the middle; from this leaf spring other leaves like the sockets of chandeliers in our saloons. Each leaf bears five or six bell-shaped yellow flowers. We found abundance of mulberries, as large as the French, and a small fruit which we took at first for olives, but it had the taste of an orange, and another as large as a hen's egg; we broke it in half and found two separations, in each of which were encased eight or ten seed shaped like an almond, which are quite good when ripe. The tree which bears them has, however, a very bad smell, and its leaf resembles that of a walnut. There are also in the prairies, fruit, resembling our filberts, but more tender; the leaves are larger, and spring from a stalk crowned at the top with a head like a sunflower, in which all those nuts are neatly arranged; they are very good cooked raw.

THE PAINTED MONSTERS OPPOSITE ALTON

As we coasted along rocks frightful for their height and length, we saw two monsters painted on one side of these rocks, which startled us at first, and on which the boldest Indian dare not gaze long. They are as large as a calf, with horns on the head like a deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man's, the body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it twice makes the turn of the body, passing over the head and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish's tail. Green, red, and a kind of black, are the colors employed. On the whole, these two monsters are so well painted, that we could not believe any Indian to have been the designer, as good painters in France would find it hard to do

as well; besides this, they are so high upon the rock that it is hard to get conveniently at them to paint them. This is pretty nearly the figure of these monsters, as N drew it off. (Drawing on margin of original letter.)

THE MISSOURI RIVER

As we were discoursing of them, sailing gently down a beautiful, still, clear water, we heard the noise of a rapid into which we were about to fall. I have seen nothing more frightful; a mass of large trees, entire, with branches, real floating islands, came rushing from the mouth of the river Pekitanoui, so impetuously, that we could not, without danger, expose ourselves to pass across. The agitation was so great that the water was all muddy and could not get clear.

Pekitanoui is a considerable river which coming from very far in the northwest, empties into the Mississippi. Many Indian towns are ranged along this river, and I hope, by its means, to make the discovery of the Red, or California sea.

We judged by the direction the Mississippi takes, that if it keeps on the same course it has its mouth in the gulf of Mexico; it would be very advantageous to find that which leads to the South sea, toward California and this, as I said, I hope to find by Pekitanoui, following the account which the Indians have given me; for from them I learn that advancing up this river for five or six days, you come to a beautiful prairie twenty or thirty leagues long, which you must cross to the northwest. It terminated at another little river on which you can embark, it not being difficult to transport canoes over so beautiful a country as that prairie. This second river runs southwest for ten or fifteen leagues, after which it enters a small lake, which is the source of another deep river, running to the west where it empties into the sea. I have hardly any doubt that this is the Red sea, and I do not despair of one day making the discovery, if God does me the favor and grants me health, in order to be able to publish the gospel to all the nations of this new world who have so long been plunged in heathen darkness.

Let us resume our route after having escaped as best we could, the dangerous rapid caused by the obstacle of which I have spoken.

THE OHIO RIVER FORMERLY CALLED THE OUBAK'S WABASH

After having made about twenty leagues due south, and a little less to the southeast, we came to a river called Ouaboukigou, the mouth

of which is 36 degrees north. Before we arrived there, we passed by a place dreaded by the Indians, because they think that there is a manitou there, that is, a demon who devours all who pass, and of this it was, that they had spoken, when they wished to deter us from our enterprise. The devil is this—a small bay, full of rock, some twenty feet high, where the whole current of the river is whirled; hurled back against that which follows, and checked by a neighboring island, the mass of water is forced through a narrow channel; all of this is not done without a furious combat of the waters tumbling over each other, nor without a great roaring, which strikes terror into Indians who fear everything. It did not prevent our passing and reaching Sabokigo. This river comes from the country on the east, inhabited by the people called Chaouanons, in such numbers that they reckon as many as twenty-three villages in one district, and fifteen in another, lying quite near each other; they are by no means warlike, and are the people the Iroquois go far to seek in order to wage an unprovoked war upon them; and, as these poor people can not defend themselves, they allow themselves to be taken and carried off like sheep, and innocent as they are, do not fail to experience, at times, the barbarity of the Iroquois, who burn them cruelly.

A little above this river of which I have just spoken, are cliffs where our men perceived an iron mine, which they deemed very rich; there are many veins, and a bed a foot thick. Large masses are found combined with pebbles. There is also there a kind of unctuous earth of three colors, purple, violet, and red, the water in which it is washed becomes blood-red. There is also a very heavy, red sand; I put some on a paddle, and it took the color so well, that the water did not afface it for fifteen days that I used it in rowing.

Here we began to see canes, or large reeds on the banks of the river; they are of a very beautiful green; all the knots are crowned with long narrow, pointed leaves; they are very high, and so thick-set, that the wild cattle find it difficult to make their way through them.

LEGIONS OF MOSQUITOES

Up to the present time we had not been troubled by mosquitoes, but we now, as it were, entered their country. Let me tell you what the Indians of these parts do to defend themselves against them. They raise a scaffolding, the floor of which is made of simple poles, and consequently a mere grate-work to give passage to the smoke of a fire which they build beneath. This drives off the little animals, as

they can not bear it. The Indians sleep on the poles, having pieces of bark stretched above them to keep off the rain. This scaffolding shelters them, too, from the excessive and insupportable heat of the country; for they lie in the shade in the lower story, and are thus sheltered from the rays of the sun, enjoy the cool air which passes freely through the scaffold.

With the same view we were obliged to make on the water a kind of cabin with our sails, to shelter ourselves from the mosquitoes and the sun. While thus borne on at the will of the current, we perceived on the shore Indians armed with guns, with which they awaited us. I first presented my feathered calumet, while my comrades stood to arms, ready to fire on the first volley of the Indians. I hailed them in Huron, but they answered me by a word, which seemed to us a declaration of war. They were, however, as much frightened as ourselves, and what we took for a signal of war, was an invitation to come near, that they might give us food; we accordingly landed and entered their cabins, where they presented us wild-beef and bear's oil, with white plums, which are excellent. They have guns, axes, hoes, knives, beads, and double glass bottles in which they keep the powder. They wear their hair long and mark their bodies in the Iroquois fashion; the head-dress and clothing of their women were like those of the Huron squaws.

FRIENDLY INDIANS

They assured us that it was not more than ten days' journey to the sea; that they bought stuffs and other articles of Europeans on the eastern side; that these Europeans had rosaries and pictures; that they played on instruments; that some were like me, who received them well. I did not, however, see any one who seemed to have received any instructions in the faith; such as I could, I gave them with some medals.

HOSTILE INDIANS

This news roused our courage and made us take up our paddles with renewed ardor. We advanced then, and now begin to see less prairie land, because both sides of the river are lined with lofty woods. The cotton-wood, elm and white-wood, are of admirable height and size. The numbers of wild cattle we heard bellowing, made us believe the prairies near. We also saw quails on the water's edge, and killed a little parrot with half the head red, the rest, with the neck, yellow, and the body green. We had now descended to near 33 degrees north,

having almost always gone south, when on the water's edge we perceived a village called Mitchigamea. We had recourse to our patroness and guide, the Blessed Virgin Immaculate; and, indeed, we needed her aid, for we heard from afar the Indians exciting one another to the combat by continued yells. They were armed with bows, arrows, axes, war-clubs, and bucklers, and prepared to attack us by land and water; some embarked in large wooden canoes, a part to ascend, the rest to descend the river, so as to cut off our way, and surround us completely. Those on shore kept going and coming, as if to begin the attack. In fact, some young men sprang into the water to come and seize my canoe, but the current having compelled them to return to the shore, one of them threw his war-club at us, but it passed over our heads without doing us any harm. In vain I showed the calumet, and made gestures to explain that we had not come as enemies. The alarm continued, and they were about to pierce us from all sides with their arrows, when God suddenly touched the hearts of the old men on the water-side, doubtless at the sight of our calumet, which at a distance they had not distinctly recognized; but as I showed it continually, they were touched, restrained the ardor of their youth, and two of the chiefs having thrown their bows and quivers into our canoe, and as it were, at our feet, entered and brought us to the shore, where we disembarked, not without fear on our part. We had at first to speak by signs, for not one understood a word of the six languages I knew; at last an old man was found who spoke a little Illinois.

We showed them our presents, that we were going to the sea; they perfectly understood our meaning, but I know not whether they understood what I told them of God, and the things which concerned their salvation. It is a seed cast in the earth which will bear its fruits in season. We got no answer, except that we would learn all we desired at another great village called Akamsea, only eight or ten leagues farther down the river. They presented us with sagamity and fish, and we spent the night among them, not, however, without some uneasiness.

AT THE ARKANSAS

We embarked next morning with our interpreter, preceded by ten Indians in a canoe. Having arrived about half a league from Akamsea (Arkansas), we saw two canoes coming toward us. The commander was standing up holding in his hand the calumet, with which he made signs according to the custom of the country; he approached us, singing quite agreeably, and invited us to smoke, after which he

presented us some sagamity and bread made of Indian corn, of which we ate a little. He now took the lead, making us signs to follow slowly. Meanwhile, they had prepared us a place under the war-chief's scaffold; it was neat and carpeted with fine rush mats, on which they made us sit down, having around us immediately the sachems, then the braves, and last of all, the people in crowds. We fortunately found among them a young man who understood Illinois much better than the interpreter whom we had brought from Mitchigamea. By means of him I first spoke to the assembly by the ordinary presents; they admired what I told them of God, and the mysteries of our holy faith, and showed a great desire to keep me with them to instruct them.

We then asked them what they knew of the sea; they replied that we were ten days' journey from it (we could have made this distance in five days); that they did not know the nations who inhabited it, because their enemies prevented their commerce with those Europeans; that the hatchets, knives, and beads, which we saw, were sold them, partly by the nations to the east, and partly by an Illinois town four days' journey to the west; that the Indians with fire-arms whom we had met, were their enemies who cut off their passage to the sea, and prevented their making the acquaintance of the Europeans, or having any commerce with them; that, besides, we should expose ourselves greatly by passing on, in consequence of the continual war-parties that their enemies sent out on the river; since being armed and used to war, we could not, without evident danger, advance on that river which they constantly occupy.

During this converse, they kept continually bringing us in wooden dishes of sagamity, Indian corn whole, or pieces of dog-flesh; the whole day was spent in feasting.

These Indians are very courteous and liberal of what they have, but they are very poorly off for food, not daring to go and hunt the wild-cattle, for fear of their enemies. It is true, they have Indian corn in abundance, which they sow at all seasons; we saw some ripe; more just sprouting, and more just in the ear, so that they sow three crops a year. They cook it in large earthen pots, which are very well made; they have also plates of baked earth, which they employ for various purposes; the men go naked, and wear their hair short; they have the nose and ears pierced, and beads hanging from them. The women are dressed in wretched skins; they braid their hair in two plaits, which falls behind their ears; they have no ornaments to decorate their persons. They banquets are without any ceremonies; they

serve their meats in large dishes, and every one eats as much as he pleases, and they give the rest to one another. Their language is extremely difficult, and with all my efforts, I could not succeed in pronouncing some words. Their cabins, which are long and wide, are made of bark; they sleep at the two extremities, which are raised about two feet from the ground. They keep their corn in large baskets, made of cane, or in gourds, as large as half barrels. They do not know what a beaver is; their riches consist in the hides of wild cattle. They never see snow, and know the winter only by the rain which falls oftener than in summer. We eat no fruit there but watermelons. If they knew how to cultivate their ground, they might have plenty of all kinds.

In the evening the sachems held a secret council on the design of some to kill us for plunder, but the chief broke up all these schemes, and sending for us, danced the calumet in our presence, in the manner I have described above, as a mark of perfect assurance; and then, to remove all fears, presented it to me.

RETURNING HOME

M. Jolliet and I held another council to deliberate on what we should do, whether we should push on, or rest satisfied with the discovery that we had made. After having attentively considered that we were not far from the gulf of Mexico, the basin of which is 31 degrees 40 minutes north, and we at 33 degrees 40 minutes, so that we could not be more than two or three days' journey off; that the Mississippi undoubtedly had its mouth in Florida or the gulf of Mexico, and not on the east, in Virginia, whose seacoast is at 34 degrees north, which we had passed, without having as yet reached the sea, nor on the western side in California, because that would require a west, or west-southwest course, and we had always been going south. We considered, moreover, that we risked losing the fruit of this voyage, of which we could give no information, if we should throw ourselves into the hands of the Spaniards, who would undoubtedly, at least, hold us prisoners. Besides, it was clear, that we were not in a condition to resist the Indians allied to the Europeans, numerous and expert in the use of fire-arms, who continually infested the lower part of the river. Lastly, we had gathered all the information that could be desired from the expedition. All these reasons induced us to resolve to return; this we announced to the Indians, and after a day's rest, prepared for it.

IN ILLINOIS—PEORIA AND KASKASKIA, NOW UTICA

After a month's navigation down the Missisipi, from the 42d to below the 34th degree, and after having published the gospel as well as I could to the nations I had met, we left the village of Akamsea on the 17th of July, to retrace our steps. We accordingly ascended the Missisipi, which gave us great trouble to stem its current. We left it, indeed, about the 38th degree, to enter another river, which greatly shortened our way, and brought us, with little trouble, to the lake of the Illinois.

We had seen nothing like this river for the fertility of the land, its prairies, woods, wild cattle, stag, deer, wild-cats, bustards, swans, ducks, parrots, and even beaver; its many little lakes and rivers. That on which we sailed, is broad, deep, and gentle for sixty-five leagues. During the spring and part of the summer, the only portage is half a league.

We found there an Illinois town called Kaskaskia, composed of seventy-four cabins; they received us well, and compelled me to promise to return and instruct them. One of the chiefs of this tribe with his young men, escorted us to the Illinois lake, whence at last we returned in the close of September to the bay of the Fetid, whence we had set out in the beginning of June.

Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid, and this I have reason to think, for, when I was returning, I passed by the Indians of Peoria. I was three days announcing the faith in all their cabins, after which as we were embarking, they brought me on the water's edge a dying child which I baptized a little before it expired, by an admirable Providence for the salvation of that innocent soul. (From Thwaite's *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. 59.)

MARQUETTE'S SECOND VOYAGE

As is seen in the foregoing letter Marquette reached home in September, 1673. Father Dablon tells of his setting out again for the Illinois country:

“Father Jacques Marquette, having promised the Illinois on his first voyage to them, in 1673, that he would return to them the following year, to teach them the mysteries of our religion, had much difficulty in keeping his word. The great hardships of his first voyage had brought upon him a bloody flux, and had so weakened him that he was giving up the hope of undertaking a second. However, his sickness decreased; and, as it had almost entirely abated by the close of the summer in the following year, he obtained the permission of

his superiors to return to the Illinois and there begin that fair mission.

He set out for that purpose, in the month of November of the year 1674, from the Bay des Puants, with two men, one of whom had made the former voyage with him. During a month of navigation on the Lake of the Illinois, he was tolerably well; but, as soon as the snow began to fall, he was again seized with his bloody flux, which compelled him to halt in the river which leads to the Illinois."

[From the commencement of this journey we have Father Marquette's own words in a letter addressed to Father Dablon in the form of a journal.

From this letter we learn that Father Marquette received orders from his superior to proceed to the establishment of the mission which had been in contemplation, and that with "Pierre Porteret and Jacque Le Costor," he departed for the Illinois country about noon of October 25, 1674.

In this communication to Father Dablon Father Marquette makes entries from day to day or from time to time recording the progress of the journey and items of interest in connection therewith. Such entries are made for October 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31, and for November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 15, 20, 23 and 27. By December 1st the party is coming nearer Chicago, and in consequence the letter or journal becomes more applicable to our immediate subject of consideration. The next four entries fix the direct relation of Father Marquette's approach to and entrance upon the site of what is now Chicago. These entries read as follows]:

"December 1. We went ahead of the savages, so that I might celebrate holy Mass.

December 3. After saying holy Mass, we embarked, and were compelled to make for a point, so that we could land, on account of floating masses of ice.

MARQUETTE LANDS AT MOUTH OF CHICAGO, THEN LOCATED AT WHAT IS NOW MADISON STREET AND LAKE MICHIGAN

December 4. We started with a favoring wind, and reached the river of the portage, which was frozen to the depth of half a foot; there was more snow there than elsewhere, as well as more tracks of animals and turkeys.

Navigation on the lake is fairly good from one portage to the other, for there is no crossing to be made, and one can land anywhere, unless one persist in going on when the waves are high and the wind is strong. The land bordering it is of no value, except on the prairies. There are eight or ten quite fine rivers. Deer-hunting is very good, as one goes away from the Poutewatamus.

AFTER STAYING SEVEN DAYS HE PASSES UP THE CHICAGO RIVER

December 12. As we began yesterday to haul our baggage in order to approach the portage, the Illinois who had left the Poutewatamis arrived, with great difficulty. We were unable to celebrate holy Mass on the day of the Conception, owing to the bad weather and cold. During our stay at the entrance of the river, Pierre and Jacques killed three cattle and four deer, one of which ran some dis-

tance with its heart split in two. We contented ourselves with killing three or four turkeys, out of many that came around our cabin because they were almost dying of hunger. Jacques brought in a partridge that he had killed, exactly like those of France except that it had two ruffs, as it were, of three or four feathers as long as a finger, near the head, covering the two sides of the neck where there are no feathers.

CAMPS TWO LEAGUES UP THE RIVER AT WHAT IS NOW ROBEY STREET
AND DRAINAGE CANAL

December 14. Having encamped near the portage, two leagues up the river, we resolved to winter there, as it was impossible to go farther, since we were too much hindered and my ailment did not permit me to give myself much fatigue. Several Illinois passed yesterday, on their way to carry their furs to Nawaskingwe; we gave them one of the cattle and one of the deer that Jacque had killed on the previous day. I do not think that I have ever seen any savages more eager for French tobacco than they. They came and threw beaver-skins at our feet to get some pieces of it; but we returned these, giving them some pipefuls of the tobacco because we had not yet decided whether we would go farther.

December 15. Chachagwessiou and the other Illinois left us, to go and join their people and give them the goods that they had brought, in order to obtain their robes. In this they act like the traders, and give hardly any more than to the French. I instructed them before their departure, deferring the holding of a council until the spring, when I should be in their village. They traded us three fine robes of ox-skins for a cubit of tobacco; these were very useful to us during the winter. Being thus rid of them, we said the Mass of the Conception. After the 14th, my disease turned into a bloody flux.

December 30. Jacque arrived from the Illinois village, which is only six leagues from here; there they were suffering from hunger, because the cold and snow prevented them from hunting. Some of them notified La Toupine and the surgeon that we were here; and, as they could not leave their cabin, they had so frightened the savages, believing that we should suffer from hunger if we remained here, that Jacque had much difficulty in preventing fifteen young men from coming to carry away all our belongings.

January 16, 1675. As soon as the two Frenchmen learned that my illness prevented me from going to them, the surgeon came here with a savage, to bring us some blue berries and corn. They are only eighteen leagues from here, in a fine place for hunting cattle, deer and turkeys, which are excellent there. They had also collected provisions while waiting for us; and had given the savages to understand that their cabin belonged to the black gown; and it may be said that they have done and said all that could be expected of them. After the surgeon had spent some time here, in order to perform his devotions, I sent Jacque with him to tell the Illinois near that place that my illness prevented me from going to see them; and that I would even have some difficulty in going there in the spring, if it continued.

January 24. Jacque returned with a sack of corn and other delicacies, which the French had given him for me. He also brought the tongues and flesh of two cattle, which a savage and he had killed near here. But all the animals feel the bad weather.

January 26. Three Illinois brought us, on behalf of the elders, two sacks of corn, some dried meat, pumpkins, and twelve beaver-skins: first, to make me a mat; second, to ask me for powder; third, that we might not be hungry; fourth, to obtain a few goods. I replied: first, that I had come to instruct them, by speaking to them of prayer, etc.; second, that I would give them no powder, because we sought to restore peace everywhere, and I did not wish them to begin war with the Muiamis; third, that we feared not hunger; fourth that I would encourage the French to bring them goods, and that they must give satisfaction to those who were among them for the beads which they had taken as soon as the surgeon started to come here. As they had come a distance of twenty leagues, I gave them, in order to reward them for their trouble and for what they had brought me, a hatchet, two knives, three clasp-knives, ten brasses of glass beads, and two double mirrors, telling them that I would endeavor to go to the village, for a few days only, if my illness continued. They told me to take courage, and to remain and die in their country; and that they had been informed that I would remain there for a long time.

CONCLUDES NOVENA FOR THE RECOVERY OF HIS HEALTH

February 9. Since we addressed ourselves to the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, and commenced a novena with a Mass, at which Pierre and Jacque, who do everything they can to relieve me, received communion, to ask God to restore my health, my bloody flux has left me, and all that remains is a weakness of the stomach. I am beginning to feel much better, and to regain my strength. Out of a cabin of Illinois, who encamped near us for a month, a portion have again taken the road to the Poutewatamis, and some are still on the lake-shore, where they wait until navigation is open. They bear letters for our Fathers of St. François.

February 20. We have had opportunity to observe the tides coming in from the lake, which rise and fall several times a day; and, although there seems to be no shelter in the lake, we have seen the ice going against the wind. These tides made the water good or bad, because that which flows from above comes from prairies and small streams. The deer, which are plentiful near the lake-shore, are so lean that we had to abandon some of those which we had killed.

March 23. We killed several partridges, only the males of which had ruffs on the neck, the females not having any. These partridges are very good, but not like those of France.

March 30. The north wind delayed the thaw until the 25th of March, when it set in with a south wind. On the very next day, game began to make its appearance. We killed thirty pigeons, which I found better than those down the great river; but they are smaller,

both old and young. On the 28th, the ice broke up, and stopped above us. On the 29th, the waters rose so high that we had barely time to decamp, as fast as possible, putting our goods in the trees, and trying to sleep on a hillock. The water gained on us nearly all night, but there was a slight freeze, and the water fell a little, while we were near our packages. The barrier has just broken, the ice has drifted away; and, because the water is already rising, we are about to embark to continue our journey.

The Blessed Virgin Immaculate has taken such care of us during our wintering that we have not lacked provisions, and have still remaining a large sack of corn, with some meat and fat. We also lived very pleasantly, for my illness did not prevent me from saying holy Mass every day. We were unable to keep Lent, except on Fridays and Saturdays.

STARTS FOR DESTINATION

March 31. We started yesterday and travelled three leagues up the river without finding any portage. We hauled our goods probably about half an arpent. Besides this discharge, the river has another one by which we are to go down. The very high lands alone are not flooded. At the place where we are the water has risen more than twelve feet. This is where we began our portage eighteen months ago. Bustards and ducks pass continually; we contented ourselves with seven. The ice, which is still drifting down, keeps us here, as we do not know in which condition the lower part of the river is.

April 1. As I do not yet know whether I shall remain next summer in the village, on account of my diarrhoea, we leave here part of our goods, those with which we can dispense, and especially a sack of corn. While a strong south wind delays us, we hope to go tomorrow to the place where the French are, at a distance of fifteen leagues from here.

April 6. Strong winds and the cold prevent us from proceeding. The two lakes over which we passed are full of bustards, geese, ducks, cranes, and other game unknown to us. The rapids are quite dangerous in some places. We have just met the surgeon, with a savage who was going up with a canoe-load of furs; but, as the cold is too great for persons who are obliged to drag their canoes in the water, he has made a cache of his beaver-skins, and returns to the village tomorrow with us. If the French procure robes in this country, they do not disrobe the savages, so great are the hardships that must be endured to obtain them.

[This letter or journal is addressed

“To my Reverend Father Claude Dablon, Superior of the Missions of the Society of Jesus, New France, Quebec.”

Two endorsements appear on the letter, as follows:

“Letter and Journal of the late Father Marquette” and “Everything concerning Father Marquette’s voyage.”]

[As is seen, Father Marquette's letter or diary of his second voyage ends on April 6th, 1674. He had reached a stopping point on his way from Chicago, perhaps about where Summit is now situated. He seems to have written nothing after this, but Rev. Claude Dablon, S. J., the Superior of the mission, who undoubtedly talked with Pierre and Jacques, Marquette's companions, completes the narrative and tells of Marquette founding the Church at Kaskaskia, April 11, 1675, as follows:] :

THE CHURCH ESTABLISHED APRIL 11, 1675

"It was a beautiful prairie, close to a village, which was selected for the great council; this was adorned, after the fashion of the country, by covering it with mats and bear skins. Then the Father having directed them to stretch out upon lines several pieces of Chinese tafeta, attached to these four large pictures of the Blessed Virgin, which were visible on all sides. The audience was composed of 500 chiefs and elders, seated in a circle around the Father, and of all the young men, who remained standing. They numbered more than 1500 men, without counting the women and children, who are always numerous, the village being composed of five or six hundred fires. The Father addressed the whole body of people, and conveyed to them ten messages by means of ten presents which he gave them. He explained to them the principal mysteries of our religion, and the purpose that had brought him to their country. Above all, he preached to them Jesus Christ, on the very eve of that great day on which he had died upon the Cross for them, as well as for all the rest of mankind; then he said holy Mass."

[Thus was his life work accomplished and he set out on his homeward journey, but died on the way at what is now Ludington, Michigan, on May 18, 1675.]

NOTE. The three letters, Marquette's two and Dablon's, may be read in full in Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. 59.

106095

THIS BOOK MAY NOT BE
TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

PERIODICAL ROOM
COPY

Illinois Cath. Hist. R.

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Books may be kept for two weeks and may be renewed for the same period, unless reserved.

Two cents a day is charged for each book kept overtime.

If you cannot find what you want, ask the Librarian who will be glad to help you.

The borrower is responsible for books drawn on his card and for all fines accruing on the same.



